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### THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

BY MRS. BLOMFIELD MOORE.

When the lilacs were in bloom,
And the skies were soft and pale,
I told my love the story
As we walked in Thornleydale;
Oh, the aisles of lilac bloom
In the green and lovely vale
Where I walked with Maud at morn,
And she listened to my tale.

Twice six moons had waxed and waned,
Twice six months had passed away,
Ere I begged my Maud to name
Very near our wedding-day.
So we walked in Thornleydale,
While she, blushing, hung her head:
The moss roses on the bush
Blush not half so sweet a red.

When the locusts were in bloom,
Lilies pure and snowdrops pale,
With my bride upon my arm
I went out from Thornleydale:
Tender eyes were raised to mine,
Tender lips to mine were pressed,
And I bore my bride away,
From her fair and flowery nest.

When the winter skies were gray,
And the snow lay in the vale,
When the winds were bleak and wild,
Back we came to Thornleydale;
But the tender eyes were closed,
And the tender lips were cold;
And my baby and my bride
Sleep together side by side.

# THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED]

It was quite dark indoors, and as dark outside, when George Caterham left his mother's room about eight o'clock and went out.

"I've got the fidgets, I think," he said. "I feel stifled. I'll go down to the village a bit."

His wife remarked what a hurry he seemed to be in, for they heard him running down the avenue like a man in pursuit of some one. So he was—of a lithe, female figure, whose face he had seen for a moment as he had looked out of the window five minutes before. It was only for a moment as it flitted passed the light; but a wild expression on it made him start up and follow it without a moment's hesitation.

"Mad," he muttered, "she must be! What can it mean?"

Across the park, and out through a private gate, went the hasty steps, and never paused till they reached the gate of *Ferndale Hollow*. Then there was an irresolute pause, and he came face to face with —Lady Euphemia Breakspeare!

"My lady," he exclaimed, "pardon me! I have no right I know to intrude; but I did not like to see you alone. Can I assist you in any way?"

He stammered out his words, hardly knowing what to say, and she turned upon him a wan, wild face, looking ghastly in the dimness of the night, and spoke in a queer, hard tone quite unlike her own.

"I am not mad, Mr. Caterham, though you think so, I know. I am wanted here, and I want a stronger arm than mine to help me. Will you give me yours?"

He hesitated for a moment, wondering what to say or to do—she was so evidently wandering in her mind—when a low, harsh cry broke upon his ear.

"There," she said, "it's no fancy—no imagination. The warning did not come for naught."

Lady Royston was inclined to be very angry with "the farmer man," as she called George Caterham, for he was fully half an hour after his time in fetching her, and when she got home Euphemia was asleep, and could not be roused to listen to her tale of either enjoyment or grievance. Altogether, the evening had not been a pleasant one at Castletowers.

Nor had it been at all enjoyable to Hilda Burgoyne. She was very lonely at the hotel, and the evening was long and dreary. About ten o'clock she rang her bell violently.

"I'm frightened," she said to the waiter who answered it. "My husband has not returned. Will you make inquiries, please?"

The inquiries were made but with no result. Bracy Burgoyne had not returned and no tidings could be heard of him. The night passed by, and Hilda spent it in terror and agitation, weeping and moaning for her husband, and attended by a sympathizing chambermaid, told off for the purpose.

The people of the hotel did not know what to do with this fragile, pretty creature with the golden hair, over whom such a sorrow seemed to be impending. There seemed no intention on the gentleman's part to run away. The luggage was ample, and money not wanting.

But morning brought comfort. With the breakfast tray came a telegram to Hilda, which took away all her carking care at once.

"*Have been unavoidably detained at Ferndale. Must go to Birmingham by the first train to-morrow. Follow me by the* 10.20 *train from Stafford. Will meet you at station and explain all.*"

"Why, I ought to have got this last night," Hilda said, and inquiry proved that the missive had been handed in the night before very late.

"After the lady was gone to bed," the hall porter said.

"And I might have died of fright before I got it," Hilda said indignantly; but she was too glad, she declared, to be very angry, and she went away, radiant and rejoicing, *en route* for Birmingham.

The good people of the hotel remembered her for many a long day, her sorrow and her beauty made such an impression on them. The landlord went so far as to offer to escort her to Birmingham, she seemed such a delicate young creature to travel by herself; but she declined. Her husband would be there to meet her, and with the prospect of seeing him so soon she needed no escort.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### JEM THE HOSTLER'S PERPLEXITY.

Like one
Who having unto truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Nonsense, Jem, you had been drinking."

"I hadn't mum; I was never soberer in my life; I'd had nothing but a pint of ale the master give me. The gent was a teetotaller that I took out, and he never stopped anywhere to get anything, and he didn't give me a drop—only a shilling when we came back."

"Well, it's a mistake then."

"No it isn't, mum; I saw her as plain as I see you."

The speakers were the hostler at the King's Arms Hotel, Stafford, and Mrs. Ovendean, the landlady thereof, to whom the man had told rather a strange story.

He had been out after dark the night before, there being no one else to go, driving a gentleman to a house some five miles away. He had left about four o'clock in the afternoon, and returning he declared he had met the lady with the golden hair, whose husband had left her there for the evening, in a light trap, which was being furiously driven along the Manchester road.

His lamps shone full upon the lady, whom he recognized in a moment, from the peculiarity of her hair and eyes; besides that, he recognized her general appearance. There was a wild look upon her face, and she seemed to be urging the person driving her to get on faster.

"Who was driving her?" asked Mrs. Ovendean.

"I don't know him," the man replied; "and I don't know the trap either. It was a rickety old landau with a white horse; it's a mercy that it didn't rattle to bits on the road."

"It's all bosh together," the landlady said. "Mrs. Trentham was never out of the house from the time she came in."

"She was, mum."

The man was so positive, and yet so respectful, that Mrs. Ovendean was puzzled.

"I can't understand it," she said. "Sarah Wills was in the room with her all the evening, except about half an hour, and then she had dropped asleep on the sofa. I looked in and saw her myself."

Jem the hostler scratched his head in a bewildered sort of fashion, and looked hopelessly at his mistress.

"It would have taken her more than half an hour to get to where I saw her," he said; "and she was going farther on then. I did see her, missis; I'm telling no lies."

"I don't believe you are, Jem; but I'll convince you you are mistaken."

She rang her bell, and summoned Sarah Wills, an assistant barmaid, a pretty, saucy-looking girl, with all the finery she could muster disposed about her.

"Did the lady in No. 14 go out last night, Sarah?" she asked.

"Go out, ma'am?"

"Yes."

The girl opened her round eyes very wide, and looked at her mistress.

"No, ma'am," she said, in a wondering sort of way; "not that I know of."

"You were with her most of the evening, were you not?"

"I was in and out all the evening, ma'am," the girl replied; "she asked for me to wait on her, you know."

"I know she did."

"And she kept me talking to her nearly all the time. She said she was in poor health, and felt lonely and nervous. She fell asleep about eight o'clock, I think; you saw her then."

"Yes, that will do, Sarah. You see, Jem, you were mistaken."

"Maybe I was, after all," said Jem.

And he went his way to his stable duties, considerably puzzled, but feeling a strong conviction in his own mind that he had not blundered, and that Sarah Wills for some purpose of her own was lying.

Mrs. Ovendean told her husband, but he said it was no business of theirs; the lady was only a chance customer who had come and gone. She had paid her bill, and Jem had blundered somehow.

No such vehicle was known in Stafford as the one he had described, and he believed the whole thing was a dream.

But Jem believed otherwise, and never ceased to look out for the landau with the white horse, long after the very name of Mrs. Trentham was forgotten at the King's Arms, and Sarah Wills had gone to "better herself," her pretty face having attracted a London landlord, who had carried her off to embellish the bar of a singing saloon, and to take the first step on the downward road to which vanity and empty-headed beauty lead so many thoughtless girls.

One day, many miles away on the northern road, more than half way to Hanley, Jem the hostler met the conveyance which had haunted his dreams sleeping and waking ever since.

It was standing at the gate of a well-to-do-looking farmyard, and the very man who had driven it on that night stood waiting to drive it again. Jem pulled up and got down.

"Hullo!" he said, by way of opening a conversation.

"Hullo!" responded the old man, surlily.

"Whose trap's that?"

"What's that to you?"

"Well, a good deal; no offence, mate. I want to know."

"My master's."

"And who's he? What house does he keep?"

"This one."

"Not an inn?"

"No."

"Ah, then, you'll be more likely to be able to tell me," Jem said. "I met this trap, and you driving a lady in it, about three miles out at Stafford on this road one night last January. They tell me I was mistaken—that the lady never went out of our house, the King's Arms, that evening; but you remember it, don't you mate—a pretty young woman, with yellow hair and big dark eyes?"

"I remember? I never drove any lady but my missus in this landau in my life," said the man indignantly; "and she's fifty, and gray-haired, and weighs about fifteen stone. Tell you what, you got drunk and dreamt it."

"No, I didn't," said Jem, feeling surer every minute that he was right.

The vehicle was one that could not well be mistaken. There was no such one in Stafford. The wheels were picked out with very bright red, and he noticed a peculiar patch upon the apron of light waterproof, and the horse, an elderly, bony sort of animal, had a black stocking on the near fore leg—a peculiarity which the hostler, in all his equine experiences, had never remarked before.

The man, too, could not be mistaken; he had fiery red hair and a wrinkled face, with a villainous cast in his left eye. Jem was quite sure, and said so boldly.

"I don't know any woman with yellow hair, and I never drive anyone but my missus," he declared.

"Then you lent the trap to some one?"

"We didn't, I tell you," the man said. "Here's my master. You'd best be off; that dog's handy with his teeth, and don't like strangers. You got drunk and dreamt it. The folks that told you so were right."

The farmer, who came out, was a shade more courteous than his ill-favored servant, but he corroborated his story. He said the turn-out was his, and that he never under any circumstances let it out on hire, and Jem, the hostler, was fain to go away unsatisfied.

"I think he's mad," the farmer said, as he helped his wife into the vehicle which had so haunted the hostler.

"Mad as a Bedlamite, sir, I should say," replied his servant, as he mounted the box; but he thrust his tongue into his cheek when his back was to his master, and chuckled a good deal in the course of that day's drive.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Caterham, at Castletowers, had her hands and head full on the day after Bracy Burgoyne's visit to Ferndale Hollow. Lady Euphemia found herself so much worse that she was quite unable to leave her room, and Mrs. Caterham's son declared that he must go home at once without any further delay. His wife looked so white and terrified when her mother-in-law asked her the reason, that the old lady was quite frightened.

"I don't know myself, mammie dear—indeed I don't," she said. "I think George has had a telegram. He says he'll tell me all about it presently, and it's nothing I need be frightened about; but I am frightened—I can't help it. I hope the bank isn't broken, or anything of that sort."

The little woman had very vague ideas of what the breaking of a bank might mean; but she feared she knew not what, and was a weak, excitable little creature, and her husband had reasons of his own for not enlightening her just at present. Nor was he more explicit to his mother.

"I must go, old lady," he said, "and take Grizzy with me. I shall want her. But don't let her frighten you—there's nothing wrong. I haven't lost any money, and things are going as well with us as ever they were. You'll know all about it some day."

The housekeeper was obliged to be content, and, indeed, she had so many anxieties that she ceased to think about it.

An odd thing occurred in the afternoon, before George Caterham left. Lady Royston presented herself in his mother's room in much perturbation.

"How is Lady Euphemia?" Mrs. Caterham asked.

"She's very ill," replied Lady Royston. "I'm quite frightened. I feel sure she's going to have a fever. She's feverish and restless, and I think rather light-headed!"

"Dear, dear," the housekeeper said, rising in alarm, "you'll allow me to come to her, my lady?"

"Oh, if you please—I shall be very glad."

"She is in bed, I suppose?"

"No, she isn't. She's up and dressed."

"Up!"

"Yes, she insisted on it. She's on the sofa in her boudoir, though I verily believe she scarcely knows where she is. It was as much as we could do to get her dressed."

"My poor lamb! What can be the matter with her? I beg your ladyship's pardon, but she's like a dear child to me."

"And to me, my dear madam. Pray come with me and see what you can do. She has taken the strangest fancy in her head."

"What is it?"

"She thinks she has some business with your son, and insists on his being sent for to her room before he goes away. I'm afraid her mind is going."

"That's hardly a proof of it, is it, my lady? My son will be most happy to wait upon Lady Euphemia. An invalid's fancies don't amount to much."

"But this is more than fancy. I tell you she is raving."

"Raving" was hardly the word to apply to Lady Euphemia. She was wildly excited, and lay tossing from side to side on her dainty couch with fever-flushed cheeks and glittering eyes. When she caught sight of the housekeeper, she sat up for a moment and stretched out her arms to her, but fell back almost with the effort.

"Oh, my head!" she moaned, "it burns so! I can't think. Ah, Caterham dear, you'll bring him, won't you?"

"Bring whom, dear?" Mrs. Caterham said, sitting down by her side, and putting her cool hand upon the girl's heated forehead.

"Your son, George. I'm going to die, I think, and I must see him first."

"You're not going to die, my darling," said the old lady, with a sharp pang at her heart as she looked at the wasted form and hollow cheeks of the lovely girl.

"What can have been ailing her?" she thought to herself. "I'm afraid she's right, and she's going as her mother did." But aloud she only said, "Of course, I'll bring George, dear, if you wish to see him; but——"

"There's no but," said the invalid, impatiently; "I must see him if I walk out of the house and follow him on his road. Auntie says it is not seemly, not proper—that I am in no state to receive anyone; but it is no question of propriety—I must see him, and alone."

"Alone, dear Phemie!" exclaimed Lady Royston, aghast. "Surely there can be no necessity to——"

"There is necessity. Fetch him, dear Caterham, before I go quite mad."

"I think I'll humor her, my lady," said the housekeeper; "there can be no harm. And as for propriety, there's no one here to make any remark; and I'll send for the doctor, too, if you'll allow me."

"Yes, yes; telegraph to town for one."

"I think it would be as well to see what Mr. Price can do in the meantime. It will take some time to get your ladyship's own doctor here, and the case requires immediate attention."

Lady Euphemia had her wish. George Caterham was brought to her boudoir by his mother, and was closeted with her alone for fully five minutes—not any more —and he came out with no mighty secret written on his face, or any alteration in his usual calm and quiet demeanor. His mother questioned him eagerly, but could elicit nothing.

"Poor soul! It's time the doctor came to her," he remarked; "she's very ill."

"The doctor will be here directly. Had she anything to say to you beyond rambling talk?"

"Nothing, mother. If you had heard what she said, you would have said it was the wildest talk you ever heard. However, whatever the fancy was, she seems more satisfied now."

She was indeed. When they went to her after George Caterham's visit they found her quite quiet, apparently dozing.

"Yes; I'm quite satisfied," she said, in answer to Lady Royston. "I told you I should be; I only want to sleep now."

She objected no further to being put to bed, and lay in a stupor till Mr. Price, the village doctor, came and looked at her.

He shook his head, and said he feared brain fever.

"I should like to have further advice," he said, "though I feel perfectly sure what treatment would be the best; still it would be more satisfactory. By the way, has her ladyship received any sudden shock lately —any fright or excessive agitation?"

Lady Royston was not aware of any, nor Mrs. Caterham either. Lady Euphemia had been ailing for a long time, but nothing had happened to upset her since she came to Castletowers. Why did Mr. Price ask?

"Because a lady in the village, Mrs. Needham, the lawyer's wife, has had some shock, or fright, which has produced precisely the same symptoms that are developing themselves here. I am very much alarmed about her."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Caterham, interested. "I know Mrs. Needham very well. What has happened to her?"

"According to her story she has seen a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Yes."

"Bless my heart, where?"

"At Ferndale Hollow."

"Whose?"

"The poor lady's that lived there awhile back—Mrs. Longmore."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LADY EUPHEMIA RECOVERS.

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom.

—HERVEY.

Mr. Price's story was in the main correct; the lady he mentioned was very ill, and had had a severe fright. She had been in a weak state of health for some time, which accounted for her present prostration; but she had really seen or fancied the apparition which Mr. Price spoke of.

The story was that she had been out to take tea with a friend at a house on the outskirts of the village, and was returning with no other protection than a great mastiff, which generally accompanied her. It was very dark, and she carried a small lantern, as in country places people still do. The walk was very short, and her way lay past Ferndale Hollow. She was not thinking of it or its occupants, she declared; but a streak of light gleamed through the shutters, and her dog pushed open the gate and ran into the garden. Curiosity prompted her to follow him, and she peeped into the parlor through the chink, to see the spectre of Mrs. Longmore standing in the middle of the room with a lamp in her hand. Her hair was streaming over her shoulders, and there was an awful look in her eyes; and Mrs. Price stood gazing at her with a strange fascination which she could not resist.

Suddenly the lamp the spectre held seemed to go out, and the terrified lady rushed from the place, reaching home more dead than alive, to fall into a succession of hysterical fits, which alarmed her husband extremely, and ended in an exhaustion so profound that he sent for Mr. Price, who shook his head and predicted fever.

Mr. Needham went down to the Hollow when his wife was a little better, and looked about. All was dark as the Hall of Eblis, and as silent as the grave. The garden gate was fastened, and he climbed over and went to the doors. There was evidently no one there, and he tried with all his might to make his wife believe so, but in vain. She stuck persistently to her story, and whatever of truth or fancy there might be in it, it was evidently terribly real to her. She was seriously ill from the fright, and her symptoms were so precisely those of the Lady Euphemia Breakspeare, that Mr. Price was troubled.

"Mrs. Needham didn't see any ghost," said Mrs. Caterham, when the surgeon had told his story.

"There was some one at the Hollow last night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but it wasn't Mrs. Longmore."

"Who then?"

"Mr. Burgoyne, the owner of the place."

"A queer mistake, to take a dark-skinned, substantial-looking man like Mr. Burgoyne for a fragile, fair creature like poor Mrs. Longmore; but fancy does play strange freaks. I am glad to know there was some one there. You are sure it was so?"

"Quite; my son saw him. He was going abroad, and had come over for something he had left in the house."

"It is odd he called on no one. Did he come to the Castle?"

"No."

"I wonder if he is gone."

"We have seen nothing of him here," Mrs. Caterham said; "but we were not very intimate, so I am not surprised at that."

"Bracy Burgoyne here," thought Lady Royston to herself. "Can Phemie have seen him? If so, that will account in some measure for her illness. Why couldn't he marry her, I wonder? Ah! these men; what mischief they do work to be sure!"

Mr. Price went home with his explanation of Mrs. Needham's fancied ghost, but that lady flatly refused to accept it.

"I saw Mrs. Longmore," she said, quietly, "not Mr. Burgoyne. I was not frightened till the light went out, and I was not mad, though I think I have been so since with fright."

It was all very odd and mysterious. Bracy Burgoyne's visit seemed quite as great a problem as the appearance of the ghost, though it was not exactly a secret. More than one person had seen him and spoken to him, and he had called in at the Breakspeare Arms for a glass of something hot. There he had said he was in a great hurry, that he had come over to the Hollow to fetch something, and was going to the Continent immediately. It did not appear that any one had seen him after George Caterham had encountered him opening the gate at Ferndale; but that was nothing. The clerk at the little station was a new comer, and did not know him. A gentleman with a valise in his hand, had got into a carriage for Stafford by the eight o'clock train. He had a return ticket, and that was all he could tell.

Of course, it was Bracy Burgoyne, and no one troubled their heads further about him. George Caterham and his wife went away, and a doctor of repute came from town and saw Lady Euphemia Breakspeare, and to Mr. Price's great delight, endorsed all that gentleman's opinions, and approved of all he had done.

"I hardly apprehend brain fever," he said; "but that it has not developed itself is entirely owing to your prompt measures, Mr. Price."

And Mr. Price bowed low, and felt himself in the seventh heaven of felicity.

The great man was right. Lady Euphemia's illness did not reach the terrible climax those around her feared. A wasting, low fever took possession of her, and she was very ill, but the doctors both agreed that she would recover, and in time she did—as did also Mrs. Needham, who presently began to go about with a very pale face and awestricken manner, as though what she saw or fancied had taken a strange hold of her imagination.

Lady Euphemia's strange interest in George Caterham and his affairs by no means ceased with his departure. Two days after he left his mother had a letter from him, in which there was rather an odd message for her ladyship.

"Will you give my respectful compliments to Lady Euphemia Breakspeare, and tell her I found everything in order when I got home. My stock is all in prime condition, and I have managed very comfortable quarters for the white-faced Hereford I brought home with me."

"A white-faced Hereford! I never knew he bought one," exclaimed Mrs. Caterham, when she read the letter. "Poor Lady Euphemia must have been very ill when she was talking to him. I don't believe she knows a Hereford from an Alderney, poor dear!"

She duly delivered her message, which Lady Euphemia received with much interest.

"Didn't he tell you?" she said, pointing to the passage. "Oh! he told me—a white faced Hereford—yes, that was what he called it, and he was just a little troubled how to get it home, and what to do with it."

"What to do with it? Why, he has byres for thirty cows at Caterham—he must be very full."

"He said a Hereford was a big beast, and took a deal of room," said Lady Euphemia, with a smile. "May I read all the letter, Mrs. Caterham?"

"Surely, my dear. It is only a loving outpour of his thoughts and feelings to his mother. I'm very happy in my son. Though why he should tell her all about things that he's never mentioned to me I cannot think," she added, *sotto voce*, as she watched the eager interest with which the invalid turned the paper and scanned the rest of its contents.

The postman was a scarce visitor at Castletowers when the family were away, and Lady Royston and her neice had received scarcely any letters since their arrival, but he came a second time on this particular day, and brought another missive, and a parcel besides, to the housekeeper.

Lady Royston happened to be in the room when they were delivered, and recognized the handwriting as that of Bracy Burgoyne.

"Don't mind me," she said, "pray read it. I think I know who it comes from."

"It is from Mr. Burgoyne," she said, "and very good of him it is to send; not that this little book would ever have been missed, I daresay, but it shows a kindly feeling in the matter."

The letter was not long, and the writing was cramped and irregular.

"Charing Cross Hotel, Jan. 21, 18—.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Please receive with this a book I found at Ferndale Hollow during my recent hurried visit. I have no doubt my deceased tenant, Mrs. Longmore, using the privilege so kindly granted her by his grace, brought it from the Castle, and neglected to return it. Her sudden death will probably account for the omission. I must apologize for not having returned it in person the other night, but my time was so short I had no opportunity of doing so. Pray pardon this scrawl —I have injured my right thumb slightly —and believe me, yours faithfully.

"BRACY BURGOYNE.

"Mrs. Caterham, Castletowers, Staffordshire."

"I suppose he's going to his aunt; the old lady lives abroad, I believe," Lady Royston remarked. "Will you do me a favor, Mrs. Caterham?"

"Surely, my lady; what is it?"

"Nothing very great. Only not to mention having received this letter to my niece."

"Certainly not, if your ladyship wishes it. Lady Euphemia knows Mr. Burgoyne, I think."

"Yes, that's just it; she does know him —she knows him too well, poor child. I wish she had never seen him, never heard his name."

"My lady!"

"I do, Caterham. I verily believe that but for him that poor child would be well and happy. I shouldn't have spoken of this, maybe; but it worries me, has worried me for months, and you have her welfare at heart as much as I have."

"I have, indeed, my lady. Do I understand you rightly? Do you mean that Lady Euphemia loves Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Yes, Caterham—loves him, and he will not marry her. Is not that a terrible thing to say of a Breakspeare? Ah, you may stare, but it is true."

"Then he's a villain," said Mrs. Caterham, indignantly.

"I think not," rejoined Lady Royston, quickly. "I believe, whatever the reason may be, that Bracy Burgoyne is the very soul of honor. Whatever the reason may be the poor child herself is quite satisfied. She exonerates him from all blame, and takes the fault, if any fault there is, on her own shoulders."

"But where did she meet him?" asked the housekeeper. "He has been very little here."

"At my house, unfortunately. He is a great favorite of mine, and until this untoward business came about he was at Royston a great deal. Something has cast a shadow over his life since—whether that or something else I cannot tell."

"I'm very sorry," Mrs. Caterham said "and puzzled too. I should have thought a duke's daughter and an heiress would have been no bad match for a private gentleman."

"It isn't that. There's some grave obstacle in the way," said her ladyship; "something that is whitening his hair and wrinkling his face, and making an old man of him before his time. It has been a sad business for my poor Phemie, and for me, too, I can assure you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### AFTER CHRISTMAS.

I have lately heard a secret,
  Heard it, too, from truthful lips,
Santa Claus, the sly old fellow,
  Makes his after-Christmas trips.

I've been told he has discovered
  Many things that cause him pain;
Discontent and hateful envy—
  Thoughtful love bestowed in vain.

He has seen his choicest presents
  Torn, and broken, and defaced;
Santa Claus, though rich and lavish,
  Frowns on wicked, wilful waste.

All unseen he watched some children
  In their pleasant home, at play
With the very toys he gave them
  On the merry Christmas day.

Johnny's horse was kicked and battered,
  Just because he couldn't neigh;
Thought his papa might have bought him
  Two live horses and a sleigh!

Katie wished her doll was larger,
  Wished its eyes were black, not blue;
Finally grew vexed and threw it—
  Broke its lovely head in two.

Santa Claus looked grave and troubled;
  Shook his head and went away;
"I'll remember this," he muttered,
  "On another Christmas day!"

Then he peered in dismal places
  Where he was not wont to go;
Where the hungry, shivering children
  Never any Christmas know.

And his heart was sad and sorry,
  That he could not help them all;
And he thought in grief and anger
  Of the broken horse and doll.

As he took his onward journey,
  He was seen to drop a tear,
And I'm certain that he whispered,
  "I'll remember this next year!"

# NORA;

## OR,

## The Confession.

BY MARY CECIL HAY, AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

### CHAPTER III—[CONTINUED.]

She closed the door behind her, but made no step forward, only her eyes were full of longing, and her hands, outstretched unconsciously, told their own sad tale.

"O Wynter, why did you come?" she sobbed, her eyes wide and dry. "How can I bear to see you there, and know I may not come nearer?"

"You know best, Nora," he answered, with a great agony in his face as he tried to believe something which his mind could not grasp, and as he curbed his passionate desire to fold in his arms the slight form pausing so far away from him, and lay upon his breast the earnest face, so full of trouble now.

"Where is Drury?"

She made one step forward at this question, then drew back, her breath coming in gasps, and both hands pressed tightly on her heart.

"He—he—O my husband, you know—I wrote it all to you in Ireland."

"I have had no letter," he said, still standing motionless in his overpowering suspense.

"Then I—I—have it all to tell. O, is life to be such pain as this for ever? My dear, do not look at me so. I did my best. I never left him. I—I sent for you when he gave me leave; but—but—O Wynter, try to remember it was Heaven's will!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Sutton, drawing one hand across his brow. "Is my boy—dead."

"Dead," she echoed in hushed tones; "and of a fever so infectious that I dare not touch you, Wynter, because I was with him."

"Where—" faltered the Squire; but his dry lips would not frame a word beyond.

With her hand she pointed overhead, and then was creeping from the room when he sternly called her back.

"Why did you not send for me in time?"

"I thought I did. I hoped and prayed my letter might bring you in time. O Wynter, let me go. I will tell you afterwards. I will go away for a little time, and after that I shall not be afraid for you or—our little one."

The speech so natural to him was strangled in its birth—"send some one to me who can answer my questions."

An elderly woman entered the room soon afterwards, and Mr. Sutton, his voice faint and broken in spite of all his efforts to steady and strengthen it, soon won from her the answers to his eager questions.

Nearly three weeks before this day, young Mr. Sutton had taken her first-floor, and moved in straight from his hotel. She had fancied him looking flushed and ill, but of course, if she had guessed he had taken these rooms because he knew a long illness was in store for him, she should have declined such a lodger; though certainly he was handsome about terms, and did arrange (when he was confident what his illness was) to pay for the whole house, because of course other lodgers could not stay; at least it was the young lady who did all that, but it amounted to the same thing in the end. It was only this morning the young gentleman had died—only this morning, just after midnight.

No; no one had ever helped the young lady in the nursing; no one else was ever beyond the bedroom door—no one else, strange to say.

A doctor? No; no doctor was ever allowed to come until yesterday, when of course it was too late to be of use. All through the worst part of the illness no doctor had been sent for, and even once when, taking the responsibility on herself, she had summoned her own medical man, he had not been allowed to enter the sick-room. Indeed it was no wonder he had said that such conduct had looked suspicious on the part of Mrs. Sutton—the poor dead gentleman's wife—though, of course, it was hard to imagine she could have any wish for his death.

It had been a bad thing for the house—very bad, of course; but the lady had promised that the dead young gentleman's father would pay anything, and that she would take all the luggage away with her to the sea-side, where it would lose its infection.

Nothing more could be told even by the physician, who had been summoned just at the end—when, of course, it was too late to be of use—and who had been present at the death and expressed himself greatly astonished at such secrecy.

Nothing more, except the anguish wrought by her words, and the resurrection of the old suspicion which had been sleeping until it had seemed dead.

Mr. Sutton was pacing to and fro in the room when a cab was pulled up noisily before the door. On a sudden his mind awoke to the meaning of this, and he rang the bell violently.

Yes, that cab was for Mrs. Sutton—yet not exactly for her either. The luggage, packed in new deal boxes for fear of carrying the infection, was going on the cab; but Mrs. Sutton had said she would walk. It was safer, she had said; and the long walk to the station would do her good. She had sent to secure a compartment for herself.

"She is full cautious," muttered the Squire, "and clever. Ask Mrs. Sutton to see me before she starts." Then he lay with his face buried on his arms until she came softly to the door again, when he started up and took what sternness he could into his lined face; though all the while his heart yearned passionately to her as she stood, so sad and young and beautiful, trying to guard him from such pain as she had braved herself.

Only—*which* was true?

Eagerly longing to know—longing for her to prove herself pure and innocent that he might take her to his heart once more—for what fear of infection could stay his hand if she were only true and blameless?—he asked her one question:

"Nora *why* was it that you came to—my son?"

"He sent for me."

"And—" her quiet answer had disturbed his forced calmness; but after only a moment's pause he spoke again—"and why were you alone with him through all this time?"

"He wished it."

"He wished it!" echoed the Squire passionately; "you are safe in speaking so *now*. *He wished it!* Would any such feverish wish—even if expressed—have been heeded by a conscientious watcher in such a case as this?"

"I cannot tell," she said, pushing her hair from her white face, while her eyes grew vacant in their gaze. "I used to wonder and wonder which was right; and—I prayed to do the best. I never knew. I had no one to tell me."

"Nora, what can your thoughts have been through this illness, that you should have dared to shut out all human help? Answer me."

"I—cannot."

"Nora, my wife, answer me in Heaven's name, and take this horrible weight from my soul. Each moment seems to hold a life of agony. Answer me, in pity to us both, and in justice to my dead boy."

"In justice to him," she repeated brokenly, "I—cannot. Let me go now. Every moment that I stay is dangerous for you."

"You may go," he said, contemptuously turning from her pleading gesture; "and until you can set this doubt at rest within my heart, I will not tempt you to return. I must wait here now, as you know; but my man is in town with me, and he will go with you to—to any sea-side place which you may choose, and arrange everything for your convenience. I shall send your maid to join you."

"No, no," cried Nora, with one tearless sob. "I left her with baby; do not let her leave him, please."

He paused a moment with a sudden recollection of how the child she loved so dearly was suffering now far away; but that same recollection showed him she had voluntarily left him in this suffering, and his heart was doubly steeled again her.

"Then I will send some one else," he said, "and she shall stay with—your son. He is, unfortunately, my heir now, and I will not send him from High Sutton."

She started back as he made an involuntary movement toward her. "I am not fainting. I—can listen—even to such words—as those."

"I had not meant to speak so of our boy," he said hurriedly, his voice low and agitated; "you wrung it from me. Tell me, Nora, that you had no thought of his interest when you let his brother die here."

A flame of scarlet rushed into Nora's face, then left it utterly colorless, even to the lips. "I—understand," she said, the words falling brokenly from her parted lips. "Stay, please, where you are. I—shall not faint—I understand now. You will guard him because he is your—heir—unfortunately, you said—unfortunately. I—understand now. I have nothing to explain, so—we are parting forever. If our boy—ah! I remember, my own boy no longer—your heir—*unfortunately*. O God, have pity!"

He caught her in his arms, in spite of her efforts to avoid him; but no merciful unconsciousness helped her in this bitter hour. With a calmness more terrible than passion, she told him once again that she understood; and then, almost before he was aware, she had left him in the solitary darkened room—a man aged twenty years in this one day.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### FROM DRURY'S DESK.

That was indeed a melancholy return of the Squire's to his beautiful old home; and when the vault had been opened again to be closed upon all those whose love had belonged to his early youth, his heart seemed dead within him.

But for his little boy's continued delicacy, he would have left home again at once; for the place, so filled with memories of Nora and of his twin sons, had grown like a grave to him.

Miss Macnair watched, in dread anxiety, this change in her brother-in-law. If it had been a gradual one she might, by degrees, have accustomed herself to it; but he had come home from Ireland strong and handsome, loving and eager; two days afterwards he had returned from London a worn, silent, nervous man.

The people whispered of him as he came and went, saying how terribly his son's sudden death had broken health and spirit; but Miss Macnair, in all her demonstrative grief for Drury, had room for a greater grief for him, because she felt his heart must have been wrecked by a blow more crushing far than death.

She did what she could for him, and never tired in her tasks; but her efforts were always worse than vain, because in every word she uttered of the young wife who used to make home so dear to him, there lurked that cruel suspicion which he could not deny or disbelieve, yet which he resented with a pain acutely sensitive and jealous.

But she was tender, in her way, to Nora's child; and though the faithful maid who had been left in charge of him felt he might have even been the better without these excitable caresses and worrying attentions, still it was all done in real anxiety for his welfare, and the Squire, in his own weary hours of watching, felt grateful for this one friend left.

It was nominally for the baby's sake that Miss Macnair had taken up her abode at High Sutton; but her real anxiety was for its father, and her keenest sympathy was with him, in spite of remitting attention to the child, for whom she felt no love.

As, day by day, the boy drooped, Miss Macnair observed a strange change in the father's manner. He grew to literally avoid the child; would stop himself suddenly when in the act of taking him from his aunt or nurse; and would draw back hastily if the little lips sought his—shrinking ever from the child's wistful caress.

"The boy reminds him so painfully of Nora," decided Miss Macnair, musing over this, "that he cannot bear even its presence."

But Miss Macnair was far from reaching the truth; for she could guess nothing of the father's sensitive shrinking from these caresses, because he knew the mother was living her sad life without them.

At last this denial, and the sight of his motherless little one sinking day by day, could be borne no longer; and one night as Miss Macnair left the nurseries, she found the Squire waiting in the lobby to receive her.

"Caroline," he said very quietly, standing where no light fell upon his face, "will you write to Nora? Ask her to come—home, and see her boy. In pity, warn her of the change in him, and beg her to come at once. Be kind and compassionate to her, Caroline."

No answer came from Miss Macnair in her astonishment; but still the letter—containing just his own words—was written, and despatched by the Squire's servant.

Next day Mr. Sutton wandered restlessly about the park; never in sight of the avenue, but still never too far off to catch the sound of the returning carriage which was sent to meet every train; and at last, when the wheels stopped at the door, instead of passing on to the yard, he turned away, as if a great weight were lifted from his mind.

For hours he wandered dreamily among the fallen leaves, picturing Nora there within her old home, with their little one in her arms; drawn by a passionate longing to look once upon her as she sat in her old place, and to comfort—. Ah! that was an impossible thought now. What comfort had she given him when *his* son lay ill—dying, without his father's blessing? No; she had now to bear the sorrow he had borne; that was all; but the consciousness of this hour's suffering for her made life seem doubly chill and heavy for him.

The thought was broken abruptly by Miss Macnair, who met him with a startled fear upon her face. "O, Wynter," she cried, "go in at once—at once to—"

"To Nora," he supplemented very softly. "I knew she had come; but she doesn't need me, Caroline."

"Not Nora," sobbed Miss Macnair, wringing her hands; "I mean—baby. It is all over."

"All over!"

Mechanically repeating the words to himself, Mr. Sutton passed his sister-in-law and entered the house; but his fingers trembled so helplessly upon the handle of the nursery-door that it was many moments before he could turn it.

How many and many a time had he entered the room to see this very picture—his young wife, from her seat beside the little bed, turning with a smile to greet him, while she held her finger to her lips to warn him to silence, because their little one was sleeping. This was the very picture as he saw it now, yet something was so different that the poor Squire was fain to steady himself against the door he held before he could advance.

There sat the young slight figure, clad in heavy black; the pale face wearing a smile more sad to see than any tears, as her eyes turned, bright and vacant, to her husband's face. There was the finger on her parted lips, to bid him not to wake the baby; and the other gentle hand lay on the little head—so motionless now.

The room was darkened, yet this picture seemed to burn before the Squire's eyes as he moved slowly towards the little bed.

"Hush! He is dead," said Nora softly, with the strange smile still upon her lips. "See, he lies so still and quiet, and I think he knew me at the last, and—thanked me; or—was it Drury? I—forget. I have been with him all the time, night and day. No one has done anything for him but myself—that was right, for I was his mother. No; that was your boy—not mine. Where—was mine?"

"Nora," entreated the Squire falteringly; but she silenced him gently, with the old lifting of her finger to her lips.

"You sent for me—why? It was too late when I came—too late. You said it was I who sent for you too late—do you remember? Hush! he sleeps so peacefully. You meant me to come in time; I know you did—yes, I know you did. Please to let me sit with him. You will be very kind, because you know what it is to lose a child you love. *He* died loving and grateful to you; he died even with your name upon his lips; and—just for that once—with his last breath it was—he called me *mother*, smiling. Ah! he had not smiled for so long, poor Drury!—smiling as if he said it was not age that signified, but that I had loved and cared for him, and been just a little to him what his own mother might have been. Are you crying—crying? You! I never saw you cry before. You forget that he was quite happy—forgiven. He said it again and again; he was forgiven, he said, and died in faith—so humble and so steadfast.

"But *my* darling lay in this dim silence, wondering why his mother did not come; because he must have known how precious he used to be to her—so precious! And when he was weary of wondering, he drew one little gasping breath. How cold it is! Perhaps the angels told him all about it as they carried him; and perhaps they would let him look back to see me here—sitting here with him, though it be too late. And perhaps, even there, he feels what these kisses mean—his mother's kisses."

"Nora," faltered her husband, trying to raise her, as she poured her passionate kisses on the little dead face, "will you come away from here—with me?"

In one moment she had risen and faced him, her eyes bright and feverish. "You sent for me to see my boy," she said. "I came only to see him; then I shall go back. In simple pity, let me stay with him, even though I am too late for his eyes to look into his mother's, or his little gentle fingers to close just for once again on hers. No; do not speak to me," she cried, clasping her head in both her hands when he tried to interrupt her. "My head is burning, and it is all indistinct and—growing dark, and cold, and—"

One moment more she stood before him. "O, leave me here—alone!" she cried. And, in simple pity, as she had said—in simple pity only, for still, thickly and heavily, between them rose that cloud of suspicion and mistrust—he left her, never seeing how, one moment afterwards, the slight form reeled and fell.

Like a man in a dream, the Squire wandered down-stairs and into his own study; but he started back as if a ghost had met him when he saw a letter lying on the table, addressed to him in Drury's writing.

"It was among his things," explained Miss Macnair, looking up for a moment, as she sat quite still beside the fire. "Nora brought them, I suppose, considering there was no danger of infection now. I unpacked them, and that sealed letter was in his desk. I brought it here at once."

Full keenly, Miss Macnair sat watching her brother-in-law as he read; but she knew he had forgotten her very presence, long before he fell upon his knees and covered his face.

"Oh, God!" he whispered in a low voice of intense contrition, "punish me."

All the wisdom Caroline Macnair possessed came to her aid just then, and she sat in utter silence, waiting for this heavy tide of penitence to sweep by. No wonder the time seemed to her so long before her brother rose, and, without seeming to see her, quickly left the room.

Her hand shook inexplicably when she took up the letter he had dropped. What must it be to have wrought such a change in him—a change she could not understand, yet which seemed already to have banished that one look which had for months been deepening on his face?

The letter was not very long, yet minute after minute Drury's aunt stood with it in her shaking hands, slowly, very slowly, mastering its contents. At first the words were like a foreign language to her; then they danced and vanished as she tried to hold and fit them with a meaning; then at last they stood clear and horrible before her eyes, and she read them through with beating heart and hurried breath.

"I write this, father"—thus the letter ran; the writing so unsteady as to be often almost illegible—"because I know that I am dying. I have felt death probable for many days, but this morning, for the first time, I allowed Nora to send for a physician. *I allowed her*—understand that, please, father, for it has been *her* earnest wish ever since she came to me; and more than once she has brought a doctor to my very door (when I have lain quiet after my delirium) and begged me to see him, promising that she would stand by me and prevent—but you do not yet understand why I would see no one, nor am I able to write coherently, even now that I have begun. It is not possible that I may recover, so this letter will reach you soon, and will tell you what perhaps Nora will, in her pure unselfishness, guard honorably as my secret still, to be buried with me. For, father, she has never guessed—never, God bless her for her trust in you, and even in me!—of that vile suspicion which I taught you to nourish against her; which indeed I, or aunt Caroline in her mistaken loyalty to her sister's son, first implanted in your heart so subtly. But I am not even yet confessing, though I know my hours are numbered, and I have much to say.

"Nora—sitting in her constant place beside me—begs me not to write, and says she will take any message I give her word for word—so little can she guess how you may look coldly upon her when all is over and you are summoned here. But I know what that old suspicion was, against which you fought so hard, and I know it will rise up with added strength and strengthen another—worse still—when you hear how I lay here dying and Nora admitted no one to my room. It is because I know this, and how easy I have made it for you to mistrust her, and as my only return for her goodness—I cannot write of that while her dear eyes look into mine with a smile so brave and compassionate, and her gentle hands wait to take this from me and to lay me back to rest—it is because I know what doubt may rest upon her motive, that I must write to you before I die. Father, do you guess what my confession is to be? It was I who unmoored and sent to certain destruction the boat in which Ernest lay asleep. It was I, your son and his twin-brother! It was one moment's work only, and done after only one moment's thought. I heard the awful tempting voice for just that instant, and in that instant the means lay to my hand. I stood and loosened the cord, and the boat glided on.

"From that moment my life has been a heavy dream, and I have often and often wondered *was* it I who did it. I have—for I have been insane in many moments since then—recalled the day, and wondered *who* it was that stood on the river bank, and so quietly unknotted the rope, then turned and sauntered among the trees, and lived through the endless agony which followed. I loved Ernest, father, though the words may sound like a mockery now, and it was only the fear of an exposure of my college debts which had brought me to that morbid and desperate state when the Tempter could be all-powerful. If I were your eldest son I knew my creditors would wait, and it was done in that one moment. Day and night I pray now that God will help all those who, in such a moment of horrible temptation, see the means of sin lying so ready to their hand.

"After that moment's yielding, the other sins followed easily; but to-night I can feel that even you will forgive me. O my father, if you could hear me cry to you in my pain and penitence! O father, though these words will read coldly, they are written through hot and blinding tears, and my cry to you for pardon for my one awful crime and for the despicable insinuations which came so easily to me in my craven fear of detection, is wrung from a broken heart. Father—dear father, always so kind to your boys, so loving and so generous, so gentle with their faults, giving them always yourself so noble an example—forgive me!

"I was obliged to leave this last night. Nora put it away for me, never glancing at it, but looking kindly into my eyes. To-night I think I can finish. I have so little more to say, except adieu, and how can I say that? Perhaps God will be so pitiful as to let me see your dear face once again—the face that will be so kind and loving because you will not know—but if not, I shall have thought of you last of all, and longed for you most of all the world; and—died believing that we should meet again; for Christ, in His infinite compassion, has taken even my sin upon Himself.

"My hand grows so weak. Father, Nora saw me unfasten Ernest's boat; but though I knew this, I had no fear of her turning your heart against your son—no fear; not because I rightly guessed she would not believe it deliberately done, but because I knew her even then to be as true and pitiful as she has proved herself.

"When I felt this illness seizing me, and knew I should be delirious, and that this sin would certainly be confessed in my delirium, I came here, and—selfish ever—sent to beg Nora to come, because she had seen all I could betray, and, as I felt sure, would guard my secret still. I knew you were away, and I hoped the illness would not last—indeed I fully believed so then. She came—leaving her own child even when he was suffering—and knowing her you know how she has fulfilled her pitying task.

"Earnestly and tearfully she from the first pleaded with me to send for you, and even still more earnestly for me to see a physician; but I knew he would insist on help for Nora, and my fear was too intense to admit another into my sick room. I am sure—quite sure, father—that no physicians could have saved me; but I daresay they will make a suspicious tale to you of Nora's constant and solitary attendance on me. You will believe all, and understand all, when you read this.

"I can bear now at last to look into her pure eyes, and, O father, it is such a joy to me to feel that she does not know, and never will know, the vile suspicion and innuendoes which escaped after the inquest. She has forgiven me all she knows, and I shall die with her hand in mine, thankful to feel how she and you, my father, will be happy now in our dear old home, with the little one, who will be so much better a son—and so much more worthily take your place at last—than I should have done.

"Shall you be in time, my father? If not, it will be my fault, not yours nor Nora's, for she has begged me every day, almost every hour, to let her summon you; and never until yesterday would I consent—never until they told me I could not live. Farewell, father. Perhaps on your journey you are whispering (as you used to whisper so tenderly to us long ago), 'God bless my boy!' Ah, such a pleasant thought!"

Not again did Miss Macnair try to read the blurred unsteady lines, but, like her brother, she fell upon her knees in the silence; and though no words passed her trembling lips, perhaps even those broken sobs could reach the Mercy Seat and plead for pardon.

Through that long illness Nora Sutton was nursed by hands as tender, and hearts as loving as her own had been; and on the very day when the Squire, in his long daily search, found the first snow-drops, he brought her down-stairs, and let her lie and look out once more upon her beautiful home, "like a snowdrop herself," her husband said, when she tenderly touched the blossoms with her lips.

A month later on, the Squire brought her the first spring rose, and, laying it beside her cheek, told her, in the glad and tender voice of the old days, that the rivalry was just as great as it used to be when she ran wild about the park, with roses always in her flying hair, and he had loved her more than all the world, though he did not think he knew it then any more than she did.

But even as he said it, the Squire knew it was not the child Nora who had come back to him; nor would he have had it so. His wife now was so exquisitely precious to him, that he could hardly believe in a time when he loved her only for her bright prettiness and her girlish simplicity and true-heartedness.

And now?

Now the summer roses are in their fullest blossom at High Sutton, and Miss Macnair is wandering among them, a devoted but most serenely happy slave to her god son, the healthy little heir of High Sutton, whom even her boundless indulgence will not spoil.

Once again the Squire and Nora are running a race, while their laughter flies among the trees, and a small competitor, running in advance, looks back with brilliant eyes and tangled locks, and claps her hands to see that she has beaten papa and mamma. And when the race is over the Squire sets the tiny girl upon his shoulders, and, laughing down into his young wife's face, asks her if she will kindly try to recollect that he is an elderly man.

To which Nora answers most sedately that it is impossible; and then draws down his handsome face and kisses it, pulling the baby's yellow locks the while. And presently Miss Macnair, who meets them, and brings little Carleton to join the game, wonders for the hundredth time if any one can ever pretend to decide what will prove an "unequal marriage."

## FEMININITIES.

The hair from a lady's curl should never be worn on the lapel of a gentleman's coat unless the parties are engaged.

A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would go on his little finger, would be the strongest kind of a hint.

Man may love his wife with the fervor of a clear blast furnace, yet will not smile when she trumps over him at euchre.

A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir, she would have done as much or more for me, with pleasure."

"Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was too good-looking, and when I opened the door folks took me for the missus."

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

A very clever woman said, "I do not wish anybody to do anything naughty, but if they do, I want to know all about it."

Men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and gross tastes.

A woman too often reasons from her heart, and hence two-thirds of her mistakes and troubles.

If thou wouldst please the ladies, thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves.

"How's your husband this evening, Mrs. Quaggs?" "No improvement, doctor, one way or the other."

"This is the maiden all forlorn," who often wished she'd ne'er been born, and turned up her nose in petulant scorn at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies with lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and of course no sensible man can refuse to sign them.

One of the lady visitors of a relief association was rather nonplussed the other day when going her rounds. She found a woman who claimed to be in great need of relief, and asked her to name her necessities. The reply was: "Tea, coffee, sugar and flour, and we are about out of bluing."

WHOEVER sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

INDIGNATION at wrong and mischief is natural; and there is nothing unmanly in finding a certain satisfaction in the adequate expression of such indignation, if it tends, as it should do, to lessen the wrong or mischief, or at all events to render it less popular.

HE who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

IT is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves.

## NEWS OF INTEREST

—Monkeys are used for food in Japan.

—A pinkish white imitation trade dollar is out.

—Taxes were paid in Great Britain last year upon 1,380,230 dogs.

—A North Carolina cat eight years old is the proud mother of 120 other cats.

—The late Pope's eldest brother died at 90; his mother at 98, and his grandfather at 89.

—Ferry boats after the American pattern will soon ply on the Thames at London.

—A Montreal, Can. man has a fancy for wearing a beard on one side of his face only.

—Napoleon believed that whoever possessed Constantinople could govern the world.

—The governor of California receives the highest salary among governors, $9,000.

—The consumption of tea in the United States last year, amounted to 58,111,588 pounds.

—The general staff of the Russian army lately ordered $80,000 worth of champagne from Paris.

—Preachers will not be permitted to teach in the public schools of Milwaukee, Wis., hereafter.

—Many gallants in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James in England wore ear-rings.

—The hydrophobia cases in Shenandoah, Pa., are causing a general slaughter of all unmuzzled dogs.

—There is a prospect of 30 sons of Siamese nobles and princes coming to this country to be educated.

—In South Wales, Australia, a collier allowed his children to live on brewers' grains before he would take reduced pay.

—The Pandemonium Club, composed of artists, actors, musicians and journalists, has been organized in San Francisco, Cal.

—Forty new operas were produced in Italy last year, but not one of the lot appears to have made any lasting impression.

—Charles Sumner's father was the officer who guarded Major Andre at Tappan, New York, during the Revolutionary war.

—Senator Withers, of Virginia, has a daughter called Virginia Secessia Withers. She was born on the day Virginia seceded.

—The Senate in Nevada has passed a bill to tax the profits of churches, secret societies and colleges, and exempt mortgages.

—Austrian doctors say that whooping-cough is purely a nervous affection, which can be overcome by a strong exercise of the will.

—The flesh and skin of several kinds of serpents are employed in China as medicine, care being taken to cut off the head and tail.

—Prussia either imprisons or banishes bankrupt speculators, defaulters, and the officers of insolvent banks and rotten corporations.

—Cumberland, Md., is about to have a law passed to arrest all boys under 16 years of age found loitering on the street at that place after 8 o'clock.

—Earl Granville is reported to have complimented this people by saying that in the use and pronunciation of the English language the educated American surpasses the Englishman.

—Madison county, Fla., claims the honor of the tallest family in the country. The father is represented to be 7 feet 4; the mother 6 feet 8; two sons 7 feet 2, and one daughter is 7 feet 9.

—The Mormons are building a magnificent temple on the summit of a high mountain in Manti, Utah. Five hundred men are at work on it, and it will not be completed for four years.

—Victor Emmanuel was always possessed of gloomy forebodings of war, and as long as Gen. Bixio lived made a bet with him annually of fifty pheasants that Italy would fight before the next twelvemonth had expired.

—Among the articles annually auctioned off by the Dead-Letter Office at Washington, are false hair, glass-eyes, store teeth, dress goods, laces, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, jewelry, and sheet music in great quantities.

—The largest oyster on record in the United States was one taken from the beds in Mobile, Ala., in 1840. It measured three feet one inch in length, and twenty-three and a half inches in breadth across its widest part.

—The pointed helmet of the German army has been decided upon for that of Great Britain, and will be distributed to thirty regiments of infantry on the first of April next. The new helmet is somewhat lighter than that of the Germans.

—Bismarck's favorite dog, Nero, has lately died by poison, and the Prince has promised a large reward for his assassin. Wrapped in a superb velvet covering, Nero's body was laid in a box and borne on the shoulders of eight workmen, dressed in black, to a grave in the park.

—The French Ministry of War announces that a number of soldiers will this year be placed at the disposal of agriculturalists for purposes of the harvest. The persons employing them will have to pay a sum varying in different parts of the country from twenty-five to fifty cents per day.

—A reception by the Turkish Sultan is spoken of as having groups of officers in the national costume dotted about the splendid hall, in attitudes of the deepest humility, their eyes cast down, their arms crossed, and taking care always to face the Sultan, wherever he might be. The highest officials carry themselves before him in the most abject manner, like crouching slaves.

A Harmless and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powder, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

### TWO STORIES.

BY F. H. DOYLE.

I.

Ere poet penned the thoughts within his breast,
Or writer prosed a tale of love and pride,
The world was aged in woe, and pleasure's zest,
In glory conquered, and in bliss denied.

II.

From Eden's bounds two severed pathways rise,
The one strewn 'long with graveyards of the heart,
While o'er the other, fleeting to the skies,
From votive altars, joy's sweet odors start.

III.

The victor's pæan—if it would be heard,
Has aye some minor tone of grief or pain;
Whene'er the eagle screams, some humbler bird
Must chant its death-dirge in the swelling strain.

IV.

And 'mid the glow that comes from Hope which chorus,
With that fair legend which can ne'er grow old,
How many a wail this human life affords,
Of dream-sweet stories that are never told.

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Love—blind, expectant and unwise,
Makes its demands, and trusting turns
To where its treacherous watch-fire burns
In colors of the warmest dyes;
For well the kindling heart requires
Soft flame upon its altar fires;
And these expired, the heart will bleed,
The head adopt some fatal creed,
And life—whose opening hours were bright,
Is draped within the gloom of night.

Dear heart, so baffled with life's ills,
That promised bloom like budding May,
Shines still the sun in some glad ray
Upon the far-away green hills,
To those blest heights you may attain,
And sip the wine of life again;
The lotus taste, and there forget
The pain or loss you may have met,
Again believe Life's alloys hold
Within their mass some grains of gold.

# A Regimental Valentine.

## CHAPTER I.

"Run?" said Patrick O'Shaughnassy, in answer to a question put to him, as he slipped into his chair at the early mess-dinner, just as the soup was being served; "run! B-y Jove, I should think I did run, as hard as ever I could lay legs to the ground!"

"What made you so late, Pat?" inquired George de Lyle, the "senior sub," next to whom he sat.

"Up at the Colonel's. Mrs. Lifford had a lot of girls in to tea, and I couldn't get away," he answered. "Just had seven minutes to get here and dress in."

"Sharp thing, that. Why didn't you wait for the late dinner?"

"Concert down town; can't get off going."

"Did you try?" said Mr. de Lyle slyly.

"Well, no," said the other honestly, "I didn't."

Mr. de Lyle laughed, and when after a very hurried meal Mr. O'Shaughnassy rose from the table, remarked to his neighbor on the other hand that "it really was an awful pity, but Pat, poor devil, was going the way of all the others."

"What way's that?" said the man in question, who, being brother to one of the officers, and only a visitor in barracks, did not understand the allusion. "I don't see anything amiss with him."

"I'll tell you," answered de Lyle. "You must know that the Colonel is guardian to a niece, who is immensely rich and very pretty, but the most terrible flirt in creation. Well, whenever a young fellow joins, it is part of the programme that he shall go through a course of instruction at Miss Lifford's hands. They all do, just as children have the measles and the whooping-cough."

"And how old is Miss Lifford?"

"O, perhaps two-and-twenty; and really the very nicest girl you ever met. She takes them all in hand, and, somehow, contrives to keep good friends with them, even after they've got their dismissal. Now the joke is, that Pat O'Shaughnassy has known her ever since she left school; and as he stands second on the list of subs., he might reasonably be expected to know better. Within the last few weeks he has literally lived to the tune of Alys Lifford. The days he is on duty he is an absolute nuisance to every one; indeed, I am obliged to lock my door against him. And yet, do you know, I'm sorry for him, for he's a downright good sort of a chap."

An hour later the regular mess-dinner was in full swing, when suddenly Captain Gurney asked "what had got Pat O'Shaughnassy?"

"The old game," answered a voice from the other end of the table.

"Silly fool!" remarked the senior captain, with great contempt.

"He's not been polished off quite so soon as they usually are," observed Jack Hilton. "I should have thought Miss Lifford would have got sick of him by this time."

"Don't know," laughed another. "Pat's very amusing sometimes. I heard a lady ask him, at St. Hilary's wedding, whether his name was pronounced O'Shanassy or O'Shancknassy, as she knew both families. Pat told her, with the most barefaced coolness, that he wasn't an Irishman at all; he came from Kent."

"Awfully good!" cried a chorus of laughing voices.

"Ah, but he said a neater thing than that," put in Jack Hilton. "One day last week Miss Lifford asked us to go to tea on Sunday afternoon, and Pat said gravely, 'I think I will be on duty, but I'll come if I can; and if I don't come, you won't expect me.'"

This raised another laugh. Most of my readers are probably aware that it does not take much to provoke mirth and hilarity at a military mess-table.

"Stop a bit, stop a bit," cried Jack; "you haven't heard the cream of the joke yet. On Sunday, young Drew was on duty; so Pat and I went up to the chief's together."

"'So you managed to get off,' said Alys, as we went in.

"'Well, no, I didn't,' answered Pat.

"'Then how is it you're not in barracks?' she asked, evidently thinking he had been fool enough to sneak out unawares.

"'Because I told Micky Drew's man to call him early this morning; and, faith, the poor chap got up in all the cold and did my work, without being any the wiser.'"

"And the beauty of the joke is," continued Hilton, "that Pat, in his innocence, really thinks he has stolen a march upon Drew, and hasn't the ghost of an idea that his name was changed for Drew's in the order-book late on Saturday night."

"How was it his man did not tell him?" said some one.

"Because, to make all complete, Pat told him that Mr. Drew was going to take his duty to-morrow; and, of course, the man having seen the order-book, thought nothing about it. It was pure good luck his pitching upon Drew, though."

"By George!" exclaimed Captain Gurney, "this is the 12th, surely. We must send Pat a valentine!"

"So we must!" cried the others.

"I wonder if Miss Lifford will send him one?" said Fred Gordon.

"Not she. Suppose we send him one from her."

"So we will. What shall it be? Hello, Gurney! what have you got in your head now?"

For the senior captain was leaning with both elbows on the table, his face buried in his hands. Presently he raised it.

"Wait a minute, you fellows," he said slowly. "Pat's on duty to-morrow, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll write a proposal from him to Miss Lifford, and send the note by an orderly; her answer, which is safe to be a refusal, will be a grand surprise for him on St. Valentine's day."

This daring proposition was received in silence; the officers of the 52d Dragoons looked from one to another in speechless amazement, mingled with admiration for the master-mind which had conceived this brilliant plot.

At length Fred Gordon relieved his feelings by a prolonged "B—y Jove!" and then the whole assembly broke out into a torrent of eager questions

"Will it be safe?"

"You'll tell us exactly what to say to Pat?"

"You'll write as if from him?"

"I suppose she's quite sure to refuse him?" said Jack Hilton, doubtfully.

"Safe to," replied Captain Gurney, confidently, "it will be the best joke we've had since St. Hilary got spliced."

"Who will write it?" said George Wintringham; "because it must be done carefully, and made spoony enough."

"I'll write the rough copy," replied Captain Gurney, "and then we must get hold of some of Pat's writing, to imitate."

"You need not do that," announced Fred Gordon; "Billy Childers writes exactly the same fist as Pat."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly certain: I don't think even Pat himself could tell the difference; and Miss Lifford will not be so familiar with his hand as all that."

By the united efforts of the officers, the following letter was produced:

Cavalry Barracks, Milchester, Feb. 13th.

My dear Miss Lifford.—I have been trying for some time to speak to you on a subject which lies very near my heart; but, somehow, I have never had an opportunity. I am not much of a hand at letter-writing, but I think you must know what I mean. Will you marry me, darling? That I love you with all my heart and soul you must have known for some time, and, faith I can't help thinking you do care a little for me.

I am fast all day in this dreary barrack-square, so won't you send me one little word to say you will be my valentine to-morrow? and make the very happiest man in the world into

PATRICK O'SHAUGHNASSY.

Captain Gurney read this brilliant production aloud.

"There!" he exclaimed, in a satisfied tone, "I think that reads like Pat, particularly the wind up. Can any of you suggest an improvement?"

There was a general reply in the negative; they all considered it beyond improving.

"One of you run up to Pat's room and get some of his own paper; it will be in the blotting-book on the writing-table; don't bring that with the regimental crest on; bring his own."

Fred Gordon said he would go. He very soon returned with the spoils, and the letter was copied and ready for sending in no time.

## CHAPTER II.

The following day Captain Gurney sent an orderly to Colonel Lifford's house with the letter, and after some little time the man returned, with a note directed in Alys Lifford's bold handwriting, to P. O'Shaughnassy, Esq. According to orders, he took it to Captain Gurney's rooms, where several of the conspirators were waiting to receive it. Their senior, however, locked it up, out of harm's way, saying:

"I suppose a lot of young fools like you would be tearing it open, because your curiosity could not wait till another day; but I'll have none of that nonsense. No, here it stays until I post it, and you'll see it opened with the other to-morrow at luncheon."

"Are you going to post it?" said Billy Childers, in amazement.

"Why, of course, you young duffer; you don't suppose I'm going to give it to Pat, do you? Lord bless the child, he's as innocent as a serpent! If it were not posted Pat would smell a rat directly, and never believe it came from Miss Lifford at all!"

The answer was accordingly posted; and on the following day, as usual on the feast of St. Valentine, all the letters were saved until luncheon, at which meal the officers were assembled to enjoy the fun.

"Here's one for you, Chim," said Patrick O'Shaughnassy, taking a packet from the heap; "come, open it out, man, and let us see."

The packet contained a lady's long fur cuff, and a very official-looking note, purporting to have come from the commanding officer of the 90th Hussars (for Mr. Drew had only a few months before exchanged into the 52d from that regiment), to the effect that the caudal appendage had been found in Sub-Lieutenant Drew's quarters, and was therefore forwarded, with a request that any other such property which Mr. Drew might have left behind should be at once removed, otherwise his late quarters in ——Barracks would be seriously incommoded.

Mr. Drew might certainly have passed for the missing link we hear so much about, and his regimental cognomen of Chimpanzee, more often shortened into Chim, suited his personal appearance to a nicety. As usual, he had to laugh off his chagrin with the best grace he could muster, when, happily for him, the general attention was diverted from him, as Patrick O'Shaughnassy carelessly picked up from the heap on the table the delicately perfumed crested note, which was to convey such startling news to him. He did not dream that it came from Miss Lifford, and turned it over with infinite contempt.

"Ugh!" said he, "an afternoon tea, I suppose, my dear *Captain* O'Shaughnassy. Ah, I know their little ways."

"For the love of heaven, don't sit drivelling there, man!" cried an impatient voice.

"O, it isn't a valentine," remarked another, in a disappointed tone, as Mr. Shaughnassy took out a note and began reading it.

"Go on with the others," said Gurney, in order to avert suspicion; a command which no one obeyed, all being too busy watching Pat, amid a silence which became quite oppressive.

"What the d—" began, he then checked himself, and turning the paper over, read it again; changing color the while from scarlet to white, then from white to scarlet, as though he could not make up his mind which was most becoming to his complexion, finally compromising the matter by remaining the color of a mangel-wurzel. He picked up the envelope and examined it; then he took up the letter again carefully.

"Well," he said at last, surveying the eager faces crowding round him, "you chaps have got yourselves into a fine shindy this time, and no mistake about it."

"What is it? What does she say?" they cried, as with one voice.

"Upon my—" he began.

"Here, give it to me," said Gurney, who began to suspect Pat was right, and they had got into a "shindy," as he said—"give it to me;" at the same time snatching it out of his hands, and reading is quickly.

It was not a very long epistle, but its contents elicited an oath, not loud, but deep, from between the reader's closed teeth.

"I told you so," said Pat, reassuringly.

"What is it?" cried the others. "She has not, surely, accepted you?"

Mr. O'Shaughnassy nodded.

"O, well, it's all right, then," said Gordon, in a relieved tone. "Pat's got all he wants, and she need never know anything at all about it; a very good thing for Pat, I say."

"Perhaps Pat says the contrary," interposed that young gentleman. "I've not asked Miss Lifford to marry, and, what is more, I am not going to do so. I don't intend to marry a woman simply to get you fellows out of a scrape. No, no; Pat O'Shaughnassy may be a thundering fool, but he's not quite such an idiot as to do that."

"Why, Pat," exclaimed Jack Hilton, "we all thought you were 'dead nuts' on Miss Lifford."

"Did you, really? Well, all I have to say is, that you have got yourselves into a pretty shindy this time, and won't there be old Harry to pay when the chief comes home! By Jove! I wouldn't stand in your shoes for a good sum. Perhaps, after this, you'll be leaving your neighbor's private affairs alone."

"Dash it all!" snapped Gurney, "why can't you marry Miss Lifford, and have done with it? You've been dangling after her, morning, noon, and night, for weeks."

"To tell you the honest truth, my dear fellows," said Mr. O'Shaughnassy, with slow deliberation of utterance, "to tell you the honest truth—I am already engaged to be married!"

## CHAPTER III.

If the hero of this little history had suddenly emptied a pail of iced water over the group of officers assembled in the mess-room of the Milchester Barracks, a more perceptible shiver could not have run through them. Not a word was spoken. The brave men who would have cheered their troops on against an enemy, or faced grim death without a sign of flinching, looked in one another's faces blankly, each asking a tacit question—"What are we to do?" receiving for answer—"I'm dashed if I know."

In their midst stood Patrick O'Shaughnassy, taller, by some inches, than any of them; his arms carelessly crossed upon his broad chest; his good-humored face wear a pleasant smile, and his gray eyes—real Irish eyes they were—shining with mirth. At last the smile deepened into a laugh, which displayed strong white filbert-shaped teeth.

"Well, as I said before, gentlemen, you've got yourselves into a pretty shindy."

"No one can compliment you on the pleasing variety of your remarks," sneered Captain Gurney; "that's the fourth time you've made that brilliant observation."

"So it is. Well, Gurney, you've a very good opportunity of showing your wonderful cleverness," said Pat, who could afford to be civil, "and letting the world see if you are as clever at getting out of scrapes yourself as you are at getting other fellows in. When you've got the thing settled, I'll change the 'into' into 'out,' and say it as many times again. I'm going now. I shouldn't like my presence to be any hindrance to general conversation. Good-by."

With a laugh, Mr. O'Shaughnassy went noisily out of the room, and ran quickly up the echoing corridor to his own domain. Safely there, he immediately locked the door, and flinging himself on his bed, indulged in the luxury of a hearty laugh, rolling over and over—burying his face in the pillows to smother the sound of his hilarity. At last he calmed down a little, and, smoothing out Miss Lifford's letter, which he had recaptured from Captain Gurney, read it again with care. I mentioned before that it was not lengthy; indeed, it ran thus:

"You have made me very happy—very happy indeed. Of course I will be your valentine to-morrow. Whose should I be, if not yours? Always your own

"ALYS."

Mr. Patrick O'Shaughnassy kissed the crumpled paper rapturously!

"My darling, my sweet Alys!" he murmured blissfully. Then his more natural mode of expressing his satisfaction came in the words "By Jove, what a lucky chap I am!"

Could Mr. O'Shaughnassy be alluding to the young lady about whom there had been so much discussion below?

His next movement was to change his uniform for plain clothes, and after locking Miss Lifford's note in a secure place, to light a cigar, and proceed to search among the chaos on the table for a pair of gloves. Whilst he was thus employed some one tried to open the door.

"Come in!" roared Pat. "Come in, you fool, can't you? O, the door's locked, is it? Well, old man," as Jack Hilton came in, "what's up now?"

"'Pon my word," began Jack, dolefully, "how the deuce we are to get out of this business I don't know; I've a good mind to send my papers in at once."

"About the best thing you can do," said Pat consolingly, and still continuing his search; "and as you're going to be married, it won't make much odds to you."

"By George! but Gurney is in a funk."

"And so should I be," said Pat, "if I were in his shoes—a confounded fool! It's to be hoped this will cure him. Well, now," having found his gloves, "I must be off; ta-ta!"

"Stop, stop!" cried Hilton, "where are you going? To the Colonel's?"

"Now, my good fellow, do you expect me to go and patch up your damages just by being asked?"

"O Lord! I didn't know; you always do go there."

"If it's any satisfaction to you to know it, I'm going to Milchester."

"To meet Miss Lifford?" said Hilton eagerly, like a drowning man ready to catch at the weakest straw.

"I am not going to meet Miss Lifford," said Pat, looking back at the door, and closing it just in time to escape a missile, in the shape of a boot, which Mr. Hilton flung at his head. Ah, it is only in a university or a barrack that one man can go into another man's room and fling his own boots at his head without provoking offence! Truly there is something of Arcadia in both places!

When Patrick O'Shaughnassy told Jack Hilton he was going into Milchester, he was speaking sober truth; for into that most dreary of dreary towns he really did go. At the first stand, however, he took a cab, and pulling up the blind windows, ordered the man to drive to Colonel Lifford's. The chief's house was in the centre of a village about a mile and a half from Milchester, on the road which led past the barracks.

Having satisfied himself by a peep from the little window at the back that none of the officers were in sight, he slipped out, telling the driver to come back in an hour, and answer no questions.

He found Alys Lifford sitting alone in the drawing-room, and, as she sprang up with pretty eagerness to meet him, took her bodily into his arms.

"My darling! My best and dearest!"

For some time their conversation was not rational, nor indeed was it fluent. Then Patrick, feeling that life is short and time is fleeting, set about broaching to Miss Lifford the subject which was just then occupying the attention of the gentlemen in the Milchester Barracks.

"My darling," he began with a cough, "you got a note from me yesterday?"

Miss Lifford raised her head from his shoulder and regarded him with blank amazement.

"Of course I did, and answered it. You didn't write to me again, did you?"

"I didn't write at all," blurted out Pat.

"Did not write at all? What do you mean? Are you mad, Mr. O'Shaughnassy?"

"Well, it was 'them.' I knew nothing at all about it till I got your letter this morning."

"Them?" repeated Alys slowly, unconsciously using Pat's ungrammatical form of speech. "Did they write the letter I got yesterday?"

"Yes, confound them!"

"And did they see the answer?"

"I could not help it," sat Pat humbly. "What was one against so many? You won't be angry with me, will you, my darling?"

"Captain Gurney and Mr. Hilton," said a servant, opening the door.

Alys Lifford came forward as the two men walked into the room.

"I never, in all my life, heard of such an ungentlemanly, disgraceful action—never. I could not have believed it possible. Unmanly, cowardly!" she cried passionately, though the sound of tears was in her voice. "I do not know which of you is the worst or the most to be blamed; but as surely as I am Alys Lifford, I will never speak to any of you again."

She vanished into an inner room, and the three men stood as if turned to stone. All the color faded out of Patrick O'Shaughnassy's ruddy face, leaving it as white as death. He crossed the room to where his superior was standing, and gripped his shoulder with trembling fingers.

"As I live, I'll pay you out for this fine trick," he said, in a low voice, shaking with suppressed passion. "You shall live to repent it, confound you!"

Then he stalked out of the room without another word.

"I shall send in my papers at once," said Jack Hilton, in the tone of a martyr. "As for you, Gurney, you had better shoot yourself."

"Umph!" said Captain Gurney doubtfully.

## CHAPTER IV.

A week passed away, and still Colonel Lifford did not return from his leave. The officers of the 52d, during that time, went through various stages of misery.

Occasionally they displayed symptoms of swaggering bravado, but they neither deceived themselves nor each other; and the general tone of society in the mess-room might be fairly described as "hang-dog." Colonel Lifford was a martinet of the very fiercest calibre, and the dread with which his return was anticipated was simply pitiable.

The state of Mr. O'Shaughnassy's temper did not add to the general hilarity of the community. As George de Lyle expressed it, "Pat was for all the world like a bear with a sore head."

None of them ventured into his room, nor indeed said a word to him on any subject whatever, except one or two who were not involved in the scrape.

Mr. Hilton kept his word and sent in his papers, so consequently felt a little more at his ease than his comrades; and Miss Lifford kept *her* word, and "cut" the whole of them, which was, as Mr. de Lyle told her, an awful shame; on the strength of which she made an exception in his favor, and flirted with him in a disgraceful manner. For poor Patrick O'Shaughnassy she had no mercy. At the cathedral, the rink, the theatre, and all the other places where they met, she did not deign to notice him in the least, though he, poor fellow, as all his comrades knew, tried again and again to soften her wrath.

At the end of a week the news came that Colonel Lifford had fallen in the hunting-field and broken his arm. I'm afraid his officers were not so sorry as they should have been; but the accident meant to them a respite, and when Mrs. and Miss Lifford departed to join the sick man, they fell back into their old ways and breathed freely once more.

Patrick O'Shaughnassy's ill temper, however, increased visibly, and after a fortnight not very pleasantly passed, he announced that he had got a month's leave, and was going to be married.

"Going to be married!" cried the officers in chorus. "Why, Pat, we all thought—"

"What business had you to think, then?" retorted Pat, it must be owned somewhat uncourteously. "I can't stand this any longer; so I'm going to get married, and see if that will mend it."

At the door he fired a parting shot.

"And I hope you'll find it pretty warm when the chief comes back."

"Selfish brute!" remarked Captain Gurney when he was gone.

"Poor devil!" commented de Lyle. "I never thought Pat would have taken it so much to heart. Anyway, I do pity the girl."

The weeks slipped away and still Colonel Lifford was absent; his broken arm proved very troublesome, and he had received such a severe shaking from his fall that his medical advisers forbade his returning to duty for some time. At length he was able to do so, and the Major announced that he might be expected on the 7th of the month, during the week that the Yeomanry Cavalry were assembled in Milchester for their annual training. This news filled the gallant officers of the 52d anew with dismay and consternation. They was "no end of a funk, by Jove." And when it was reported that he had arrived in the town, and did not make his appearance in the barracks, it was considered a very bad sign, from which they inferred that his wrath was indeed terrible.

Whilst this black state of affairs was being discussed in the ante-room, Patrick O'Shaughnassy walked in, looking as bright and jolly as if he had never had a trouble in his life.

"I hear the chief's back to-day," he said, with a hearty laugh. "I suppose you men are all quaking in your shoes!"

No one answered, and there was silence until Mr. Gordon said that they understood he had gone away to be married.

"So I did," he answered.

"And didn't it come off? We never saw any announcement."

"Come off? Of course it did. The missis is down at the Royal Swan."

"Who is she?" asked Billy Childers.

"Who is she? Why, Mrs. O'Shaughnassy, of course!"

"Shall we see her at the ball those Yeomanry fellows give to-night?"

"O, yes. Good-bye. Wish you good luck for to-morrow."

A few hours later the officers of the Dragoons went into the brilliantly lighted ballroom.

"Do you think the O'Shaughnassys have come?" said de Lyle to one of the hosts.

"Yes, half an hour ago at least. What a pretty girl she is! You'll see them somewhere about," said he, and moved away.

"There's Pat," said Gurney; "and, by the Lord Harry, he's dancing with Alys Lifford! What does that mean?"

"She looks happy enough, and better friends than Pat's wife will like if she hears the story."

"O, she'll never hear it. Pat isn't such a fool as to tell her himself. I wonder which is she."

"There's Pat. I say, Pat, arn't you going to introduce us to your wife?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Come along."

He led them across the room to where a lady, dressed in the richest bridal costume, was talking with other ladies.

"My darling, here are some of my brother officers come to make your acquaintance," he said. "Captain Gurney and Mr. Gordon—Mrs. O'Shaughnassy."

To their unspeakable astonishment, Mrs. O'Shaughnassy had the dark eyes, the pure profile, and the smiling mouth of Alys Lifford.

"Why, Miss Lifford!" gasped the senior captain. "I—I—you—at least——"

"Ah," she laughed, "you are thinking of the tragic vow I made the day I found you out. Well, I have kept it. I am not Alys Lifford now, you know."

"And I think I kept mine," laughed her husband joyously. "I think I paid you all out. Ah, did we not steal a march on you? I can tell you, though, it was precious hard work keeping up the sulks."

Although everything came to such a happy and orthodox ending, Colonel Lifford said a few words the next day which brought the tingling blood into the cheeks and ears of his listeners; and since that time Captain Gurney finds it as well to leave his friends' private affairs in their own hands. He has learned from experience that there is a Nemesis, which repays even such apparently insignificant unkindnesses as he took so much pleasure in inflicting upon others, for into two of the most pleasant houses among the married officers of the 52d he is never asked; and although Gerard St. Hilary and Patrick O'Shaughnassy, having obtained their hearts' desire, would willingly forget and forgive past offences, their wives imperatively decline to give Captain Gurney the chance of making more mischief, on the very sensible ground that "prevention is better than cure."

## THE REVIEWER

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York, have published "Ernest Quest, or The Search for Truth," by Sallie Rochester Ford, author of Grace Truman, &c. It is pre-eminently a religious story of considerable power and feeling. Ernest Quest is a young man of wealth and fashion. At first inclined to a religious life, his head is thoroughly turned by studying the theories of modern scientific writers. Afterwards the worship of Reason takes possession of him; then again he takes to Spiritualism. He has given up his mother's Bible. His struggles and doubts are strongly pictured. The book has many of the most charmingly drawn characters. One volume, 12 mo., 630 pages; bound in fancy cloth. Price, $1.50. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

#### MAGAZINES.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for March opens with the second paper of Edward King's new series, "With the Russians in Bulgaria," to which recent events have given a special interest. It sketches the historical and political aspect of the Bulgarian question, as well as the characteristics of the people and the country, and is embellished with numerous and well-executed engravings. Prof. James A. Harrison's concluding paper on Sweden forms the second illustrated article, and will be found entertaining. The author of the "Reminiscence of the First Iron Clad Fight," published in the last number, contributes an account of the capture of Fort Fisher, which he saw from the mast-head of the "Ironsides," afterwards visiting the scene of action, and noting many details of a striking or pathetic character. "The Strange Story of Paul Scarron," by Edwin De Leon, "Europe's New Coal-Field," by David Ker, and "Small Farce and Comedy," by Mary Dean, will repay perusal. "Without Inscription," by a German author, gives a vivid and touching picture of Jewish life in Eastern Europe. "Jack and Mrs. Brown" is concluded, and there are other stories and papers of an amusing kind,—making a good variety of light reading.

*Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for February reaches us from the publisher, James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y. It contains two finely colored lithographs of dahlias and carnations and picotees, besides numerous excellent cuts of flowers and flower beds. It contains good articles on improving homes, "The Dahlia," "The Carnation and Its Culture," "Correspondence," "Foreign Notes," and "Pleasant Gossip." Subscription price, $1.25 a year.

◆

To give up everything that is worth contending about, in order to prevent hurtful contentions, is for the sake of extirpating noxious weeds, to condemn the field to perpetual sterility.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.—In a recent lecture delivered in Edinburgh, on the "stars," Prof. Grant gave a graphic idea of the immensity of space. He said a railway train traveling night and day, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, would reach the moon in six months; the sun in 200 years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars, in 42,000,000 of years. A ball from a gun, traveling at the rate of 900 miles an hour, would reach Alpha Centauri in 2,700,000 years; while light, traveling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, would not reach it in less then three years. Light from some of the telescopic stars would take 5,700 years to reach the earth; and, from some of these clusters, the distance is so great that light would take 500,000 years to pass to the earth; so that we see objects not as they really are, but as they were 500,000 years ago.

MOISTENING TOOLS:—Carbolic acid is recommended by a German journal for moistening tools with which metals are worked. The duty of grindstones is said to be increased by the use of this acid. The dark and impure, and consequently cheap grade of this article, may be employed.

PROTECTIVE VALUE OF TREES:—The protective value of trees in thunder storms was considered by M. du Moncel, in a paper lately communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences. Trees, he said, were all conductors of electricity, their conductivity increasing with the quantity of liquid they contained. An ordinary house, however, offered from sixteen to twenty times as much resistance to the transmission of electricity as an ordinary tree, and, therefore, the tree might be considered a protection to the house, if it equalled or exceeded the house in height. On the other hand, when the house is wet by rain, its electrical conductivity is so much augmented that the author thought the protective value of the tree might then depend solely upon its excess in elevation over the housetop. Although trees may thus shelter houses to some extent, it is very dangerous for individuals to take refuge under a tree in a thunder shower, as has been repeatedly demonstrated by many of the numerous lightning accidents last summer.

PAPER SHEATHING.—A trial is now being made at Portsmouth, Eng. of an invention which consists in sheathing ships with paper, fixed on with a peculiar cement; on paper seaweeds will not grow, nor will barnacles adhere to it. The results so far are said to be very encouraging.

WOOD BORING:—A mixture of carbolic acid and spirit of turpentine, in equal weights, is proposed for the destruction of the wood-boring worms found in office and other furniture, wainscoting, &c. It must be applied in such a way that it enters every hole. Its disagreeable smell passes off in an hour, and it is in no way injurious to wood or hangings.

HONEY ADULTERANTS:—Starch, bean flour, sand, gum, mucilage, and gelatine are used as adulerants of honey. They are readily recognised, as they all, except sand, thicken on heating, while the pure honey becomes thinner under such a condition.

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## FARM AND GARDEN.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Hanging baskets and vases add very much to the effect of a decorated window. For baskets, the following-named are some of the best plants: Dracænas, centaureas, ferns, oxalis, etc., for upright growth and vines, maurandia, lobelia, othona, Indian strawberry, saxifraga, tradescantia, or Wandering Jew for drooping vines. Climbing vines are indispensable to increase the charm of winter gardening. Of those that may be grown entirely in the shade are English and German ivies, and Lycodium scandens, or Chinese climbing fern.

THE USES OF CHARCOAL.—By keeping charcoal in a hog pen there will be but little odor or disagreeable smell, such as is usual. The hogs appear to thrive better than in a strong smelling sty. They will consume quite a quantity, which undoubtedly does them much good.

GARDEN PLATS.—If the garden plat is at all clayey or stiff, before active operations commence, have a load of sand hauled from the river or creek and deposited in a pile in the garden. After drawing off furrows and sowing the various seeds, instead of covering with the ordinary soil, cover the seeds with the sand. This will insure a stand if the seeds are good. A little fine stable manure mixed with the sand will be all the better.

TO KEEP STOCK CLEAN.—Lice may be driven from any stock by applying kerosene oil diluted with lard—two parts lard to one part kerosene—and rubbing the back and sides with the mixture.

COAL ASHES IN FERTILIZING.—Coal ashes as a fertilizer are said to be very beneficial for tomatoes, and to a less extent for peas and beans. Moreover, they improve the mechanical condition of the soil, and are therefore especially beneficial to clayey and rigid land generally. They should be worked in deeply and uniformly in the proportion of, say one part of ashes to two of mold. As it takes a long time to decompose them, their fertilizing properties are slow in action, but continuous.

CHOOSING FRUIT TREES.—In selecting fruit-trees, or any others, be careful to choose those with smooth, healthy-looking bark, and which have entirely shed their leaves. Trees on which the leaves remain after frost sets in, and stick to the branches, may be regarded as not healthy, and in some way lacking stamina.

FEED FOR COWS.—Cows in milk may be made greatly more profitable by feeding wheat middlings freely; it will pay to feed as high as four quarts of corn meal and three of wheat middlings to some cows producing butter—the butter is increased in quantity, and improved in quality and color. The kind of cow, however, is important, as some will fatten upon this feed, while others will only increase in milk and cream.

FOR PRESERVING EGGS.—Mix half a pint of unslaked lime with the same quantity of salt and a couple of gallons of boiling water. When cold put in the eggs; see that they are well covered with water and the vessel containing them kept in a cool place. The eggs should be fresh when put in, as one bad one will spoil all.

A CHOKING COW.—A gentleman writing to the *Planter and Farmer*, gives the following remedy for a choking cow. It will probably act just as well with other animals, and it will be well to remember it. He says it never failed in any instance, and has been tried by him and others hundreds of times. The remedy is to take a spoonful of saltpetre, open the animal's mouth, throw it well back upon the tongue, let the animal go, and the obstruction will either go up or down in a very few minutes.

SOIL FOR HOUSE-PLANTS.—Soil suitable for most house-plants may be made of one-fourth good garden-soil, one-fourth leaf mould, one-fourth well decomposed horse manure, and one-fourth sand, thoroughly mixed. Constant attention must be given to keep the plants free from insects, but if the first that appear are destroyed, the task will not be so difficult. The safest, and perhaps the best way to get rid of them is to brush them off upon a paper with a soft, dry brush, and then destroy them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL." Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.

Prof. Schem's History of
THE WAR IN THE EAST,
or the conflict between RUSSIA and TURKEY is the LIVE book for LIVE agents. Has [illegible] octavo pages, [illegible] Engravings of Battles, Fortresses, Generals, &c., &c. Price $[illegible]. Terms unequaled. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Cincinnati, O.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1878.

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS. RECEIPTS, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANY.

◆

FACETIÆ. This department will be found most entertaining in its sparkling originality and freshness.

◆

A GLANCE at the table of contents will indicate the number and variety of the departments and specialties of the POST, and these are always fresh, vivid and alluring.

◆

IN the department of "Answers to all Correspondents" will be found a great deal of useful information. It is a pleasure to notice that our subscribers fully appreciate our efforts to make it pleasing and instructive.

◆

WE would call attention to the excellent translation from the German, "The Seven Ravens." It is by our new contributor, Miss Julia E. Torrey, and will be found replete with the deep interest and teaching of useful lessons so characteristic of the fairy stories of that nation.

◆

LADIES' DEPARTMENT, FASHION NOTES, QUERIES AND FIRESIDE CHAT. A particular interest has been awakened among our hosts of lady readers by this department, and it is pronounced by them all as a most complete and useful work, for the author's views upon the latest styles are always to be depended upon as correct in all details.

◆

SO LONG as respect and admiration for disinterested patriotism is a trait of the American character, the proper honoring and celebration of the birthday of Washington must continue. In its observance, however, it is not alone the Father of his Country who is glorified, but everyone who from the dawn of time has stood forward as the champion of the oppressed, and the opponents of the tyrants who would crush the people.

◆

HOME CULTURE. There is no branch of knowledge in which we Americans are so deficient as that of the science of Etiquette, and although we are naturally a courteous people and form our own excellent laws upon the subject, yet the topic of "Conflicting Authorities on Etiquette," which is so ably discussed in the last number and in this, will be found to offer a perfect solution of any difficulty in respect to the matter, for the writer is a specialist in her line and writes with force and clearness.

◆

### SOCIABILITY.

Let us be social. There is no necessity for men and women hiding themselves in their petty selfishness from one another, as this is a doctrine only fit for the old fanatics and eremites who thought to seek God by such a method of isolation. Man is made for social joys, and these joys are easily attainable. The sweet companionship of congenial friends binds the world with an harmonious chain, and we are always better when we get out of ourselves, as it were, and enter into the feelings, moods and atmosphere of a social circle.

Now a fashionable *sociable* is too often the reverse of social. Young ladies and gentlemen form cliques, and the entertainment proves a bore, simply because the very element and spirit of companionship is wanting. Such affairs are wearisome to a lover of hilarity and conversation, and the soiree loses its unity. True enjoyment is not to be found in the mere formal gathering of alien cliques—who form sets in the dances to exclude others, and who chill the very air of the parlor with their gloomy taciturnity towards strangers. Therefore, such *sociables* are mockeries of friendly reunions, and should be discountenanced.

True sociability implies a Christian spirit of kindliness and courtesy, and the desire to make everyone within the charmed circle comfortable and happy. It does not require wine, music, nor sensual adornments. It needs only the charming simplicity of good hearts, true friends, to induce conviviality and make the occasion a festive one, and it needs, also, that subtle, that beautiful mingling of souls which is the result of conversation as an art, where each guest is bound to the other by links of the strongest congeniality, taste and feeling, where one feels, though he or she knows not why, that one is spending a delightful evening in the presence of a truly happy people. Such an event is really a sociable in every sense of the term.

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### SANCTUM CHAT.

THE age of military heroism has not entirely died out, and, in fact, seems to be reviving since the present era of great wars. There is something very fascinating in a military career, and it has ever been looked upon by the world as the fittest occupation for masculine genius to display its powers. Then, too, the gorgeous paraphernalia of war which attends the great chieftain, attracts no less in this nineteenth century than it did in the time of Alexander.

A TENDENCY in literature to take a purely logical tone, and to shape its ideas according to the cold art of clear philosophical reasoning is to be deplored, inasmuch as writing is converted into a dry method, and not a fine art, which it ought always to be. The literary artist writes best when he writes from pure innate impulse; style, then, takes its own shape, and the result is harmony and beauty.

AFTER all its splendid triumphs of centuries ago, the wondrous impetus it gave civilization and its discoveries in science, what now remains of the Moslem glory? What lasting result has the religion of Mahomet accomplished for man? The Crescent at one time outblazed the Cross—now which is the victor? It is a sad commentary on the decay of systems of philosophy founded upon false faith.

A MERCHANT, desirous of collecting a large outstanding debt, went to an agent and told him he would give him half the bill as commission for its collection. The agent agreed. Months elapsed. One day the merchant met the agent. "By-the-way, Mr. ——, have you collected that bill yet?" "Not quite," said the agent, moving down the street, "I got my half two months ago, but your half I can't collect to save me."

THE coolish weather has chilled off those warm-blooded Italian organ-grinders who infest us on summer evenings, like the mosquitoes, and stretch us upon their musical racks of torture until we disgorge. They know well the market value of silence and rest, and they bring in the inevitable "Captain Jinks" treading on the tail of "Old Dog Tray" "Marching Through Georgia," while "Mollie Darling" comes in "After the Opera is Over," with "Captain Jinks" again, echoing "If Ever I Cease to Love" until we plead with pennies for eternal peace. Then they grin and move on to some other victim.

THE story which is going the rounds of the press respecting the burial, with Christian rites, of two dogs, in the old Cinque port of Winchelsea, reminds one of the attempt of the eccentric elder Booth to have prayers said over a multitude of dead pigeons. Mr. Booth wrote to a clergyman to come and officiate over the remains of some *friends* of his. The clergyman came and was astounded when Booth opened a closet-door and showed him a number of wild pigeons, which had just been shot. Booth was very angry when the minister refused to have anything to do with the obsequies, and tried to convince the refractory rector that he was erring against God to neglect His creatures, "for," he argued, "they have souls to save as well as men."

To denounce the theatre simply because a bad play is performed occasionally is hardly fair. A really vile drama meets no approval nowadays from an audience. The piece may be well-mounted, well-written and well-puffed, and yet not succeed. What the people like in a play is that it shall have some touch of nature in it. They do not go to the theatre, as too many of the prejudiced suppose, merely to imbibe trash and filth. Even the gallery gods look to some ideal in the piece, and are ever ready to applaud virtue and cry down the villain whenever he appears. But the old-fashioned ridiculous melodrama is a thing of the past, and the modern society plays are certainly not only fine works of art, but contain both a moral and an ideal, which is of benefit, and they are, indeed, true satires in every respect upon many of the follies and evils of modern life.

SINCE philanthropists all over the world are establishing societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to Children, it strikes us that there is an immense field for the work of such societies among individuals who do not belong to the above classes, namely—overworked women and men—faithful servants and "patient merit" that takes the "spurns of the unworthy," and the "whole army of martyrs" of good meaning people who are enduring a maddening species of slavery, of which the dilletant philanthropist knows nothing. Cruelty is practiced in many forms by employers upon employed, masters upon servants, and yet it has not been thought momentous enough to attract the attention of the law. A merchant may overwork his clerk and there is no redress. There are lots of unconverted Scrooges in the world, and in the terrible battle of life how many of the faithful are ground beneath the feet of the destroyer? Humanitarians can now step in and regulate matters by forming a society "for the prevention of cruelty in general and in particular,"—not merely to animals and children, but to weak, helpless, despairing men and women, who are friendless and forsaken, and who are yet patient under all burdens, obey the commands of their masters and murmur not.

IF Schliemann and his disciples continue to discover the remains of buried cities, at the present rate of excavation, and make tangible certain mythical castles in the air, what is to become of the poetry of antiquity? We who read the sweet story of Troy do not care about knowing that it actually existed, and that the wooden horse was a reality. We do not care to see the real helmet of Agamemnon, after reading the stirring recital of his deeds, because the imagination must have some scope, and materiality destroys spiritual fineness. Schliemann may discover the *bona fide* "Inferno" of Dante some day, much to the delight of certain philosophers, but he cannot restore the sweet images of Francesca Di Rimini and her lover floating in the fiery dusk of that circle to the sombre threnody of their despair. Never shall the actual so utterly awake us from our dreams of the dear myths of ancient tales, that such exhumation shall destroy our phantasies. Cinderella's glass slipper and the wonderful lamp of Aladdin may go to the museum for all we care, they have no interest for us as mere articles, we only live in the beautiful atmosphere of romance which surrounds them.

WHAT is your specialty? That is the modern question. It seems every man and woman now-a-days must have some specialty; some one peculiar, particular knowledge of some one subject, and your mere sciolist or dilletant is dubbed a nuisance. Lord Melbourne insisted that all his guests should be able to talk exhaustively upon some subject, and if any one was found wanting in the necessary learning he was shown the door. This is a fact. "He had been induced to ask a literary man of note to one of his small dinner parties by hearing that he was well-versed in Massinger and Marlowe, with whom the gentleman had only a superficial acquaintance, but was ashamed to own it. "There now," was Lord Melbourne's comment, "that fellow has been trying for half an hour to make me believe he knows a great deal of what he knows nothing. We wont have *him* again." So persons going to his lordship's soirees had to actually rig up their learning as if going to a literary masquerade and put on masks of profoundity and cram on subjects upon which they felt themselves a 'little shaky." This species of entertainment would hardly be in vogue here just now; but if it was, what an outcry there would be in fashionable society. Nevertheless, it is very true that special branches of knowledge are being more assiduously and profoundly mastered than at any previous epoch.

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### CARRYING LETTERS FORTY YEARS AGO.

A curious function of one of those who were styled "out-door clerks" was to keep on the lookout for friends about to go to London by coach, so that letters and packets might be transmitted free of postage. The present generation has little idea of what postage was prior to the days of Rowland Hill. Forty years ago a letter to or from London cost 11 pence, and the slightest inclosure made it double, or 1 shilling and 10 pence. No one ever prepaid a letter, unless in special circumstances, and no one ever thought of posting one who could get it conveyed by private hand. The out-door clerk to whom the duty fell of finding friends used to go round every day to the principal coach offices and ascertain by whom places had been booked, since every one in those days was obliged to secure a seat beforehand. A man always stood well with his bankers (other things being equal) who was good at conveying letters to London, since it was tantamount to putting money into the banker's pocket. So great was the saving under this private-hand system that it was said to cover the salaries of a couple of clerks. The transmission of letters to London occupied a day and a half. Two at least of the old Manchester banks were accustomed to send their heavy London packets by Pickford's Van, an institution now defunct, but which once formed one of the most interesting features of English commercial life. The great vans were as familiar as the railway trains of to-day; at the back sat a guard armed with a blunderbuss.

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WILD MEN.—In the island of Rio there are wild men who live in trees, and have no language but cries; and, in Sumatra, the residents of Palembang said there were men who lived in the forests, with whom not only the Europeans but the Malays could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one. Yet, strange to say, they have a petty traffic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. Their home is in the woods and they live by the chase. They hunt tigers, not with the gun but with arrows, which they blow out of a tube with such force, and which are so keen of point and touched with such deadly poison, that a wound is almost immediately fatal.

These tiger skins or elephant tusks they bring for barter, not for sale. They never sell anything, as money is about the most useless thing they can have. They cannot eat it, or drink it, or wear it. But as they have wants they exchange, yet they themselves are never seen. They bring to the edge of the forest what they have and leave it there, and the Malays come and place what they have to dispose of and retire. If the offer is satisfactory they find when they return that what they brought has gone, and they take what is left and depart. If not they add a few more trifles to tempt the eyes of these wild men of the woods, and so, at last the exchange is effected, yet all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible.

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NEW USE FOR THE TELEPHONE.—An adaptation of the telephone for indicating the velocity of the wind in mines, has been made in Nevada, by attaching to it the instrument usually employed for the purpose, and thus sending the report to the superintendent's office. Thus, a man at the top of the shaft is made constantly aware of the manner in which the ventilating apparatus is working.

# HOME CULTURE.

## XXXIV.

# SELF-TRAINING;

### A COMPANION TO THE

# "YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

### CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

A recent article in the *Home Journal*, entitled "Neglected Manners," attributing the disappearance of the first principles of good breeding in modern households partly to ignorance, and partly to reaction toward license from the extreme rigidity and repression of former systems, thus supporting the compiler in the ground she has taken, in preceding chapters, when demonstrating the fact that the bad manners of the young people of the present day are mainly attributable to want of home-training. Our journals teem with articles in reference to the want of civility in our women, shown by not acknowledging courtesies (extended to them in street-cars, railway carriages, and elsewhere) with a simple "thank you!" The *Graphic*, quoting from "Social Etiquette," comments as follows: "It is pronounced not etiquette for ladies to say "thank you" for small courtesies, such as passing change in an omnibus, restoring fallen umbrellas, etc. Oh, it's all explained now!" A society in which it is no longer etiquette to thank a stranger for a civility, may be fashionable, but it is not our best society. Our own gentlemen, as well as foreigners, may well think any lady ungracious who does not say "thank you," or "thanks," to a stranger who stands "hat in hand" after "opening a door for her to pass," or "after stopping to raise an umbrella for her in the rain," or upon "restoring to her her dropped handkerchief, or fan." This is not sensible etiquette, and therefore no one should adopt it. Nor should a gentleman extending such a civility stand with his eyes cast down as though he were a clown, unaccustomed to offering civilities. Neither should he smile, as an acquaintance would. On the part of the lady a grave but cordial "thank you," is certainly a better form than the smile to an unknown man, which it would seem that some New York society sanctions.

Another conflicting point between authorities is in reference to whether a kettle-drum invitation is to be answered or not. "*All invitations, with the one exception of such as are left upon a lady's visiting card, should be answered as soon as possible after receiving them.*" "*Il est aussi indispensable de repondre quand on vous ecrit lorsqu'on vous parle,*" is the law of our best society; and the higher the breeding the more prompt the reply. Promptness and punctuality are said to be among the virtues of kings and queens, with more truth than that proverb expresses, which confers them on tailors and boot-makers.

Out of the very strictness with which our parents enforced the rule of replying to all invitations as soon as they are received, grew in this generation the absurdity of considering it more civil to send an acceptance than a regret, when the writer knew he could not be present.

The rule,—"Where there is any doubt as to a person's accepting an invitation of any description, a note of acceptance must be promptly sent, and should circumstances make it necessary to remain away, an explanatory note of regret must be despatched before the party comes off, if possible. If not, the following day."

Now, the first part of the rule is obeyed by some who forget the binding requirement of the second part and the rudeness of disregarding it.

An old number of the *Home Journal* (May 21, 1873) contained the following incident, which the compiler introduces here in illustration of the strict observance in exclusive foreign society, of the rules requiring promptness in replying, and a note of explanation if after events make it necessary to recall an acceptance:

SETTLED POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

The following incident, which has recently occasioned some stir in a certain circle of a European capital, is interesting as proving conclusively that two prominent points of etiquette set forth lately in an article republished in our columns from *Lippincott's Magazine*, are not *unsettled* points there, however much they may be disputed here. We congratulate the authoress that she is sustained by such high authority in the face of the coarse, adverse criticism which assailed her article in the city where it was first published. For ourselves, we have no doubt the other points of her essay will be found to have an equally high sanction. We consider the article one of the best that has appeared on the subject in this country. We quote the following from a private letter:

"Signor B., an *aide-de-camp* of the King of Italy, was recently sent to the court upon a special mission. Count ——, the Italian Minister, gave a *soiree* for this person, inviting all the *corps diplomatique*, the foreign officials and members of the court, who accepted the same day that the invitations were sent. Signor B. dined with the king the night previous to the *soiree*, who then gave him an order, which he thankfully received; but after the dinner he went to his minister and expressed his desire to have a different order. The following morning the order was returned with this request to the king, who, very naturally, resented the act, and made all the members of his court understand that he did not wish them to go to the *soiree*. In consequence, *every one* sent regrets, and the king refused to see Signor B. when he asked afterward for an *audience d'adieu*."

This incident proves completely, first, that all the members of the court sent their acceptances promptly; and, second, that after having accepted, they would have thought it very impolite not to have gone, unless they sent particular word that they were prevented from going.

It is certainly more polite to answer all formal invitations promptly; and those who assert that it is not, show their own remissness as well as ignorance.—*Home Journal.*

It has been said that nine-tenths of the notes of acceptance and regret contain either grammatical errors, or are in some way incorrect. How is it that people of high cultivation do not acquaint themselves with these simple matters, when they go so far with strangers in forming judgments of the writers? However, this subject having been treated in the chapter in which the errors were pointed out, and the proper forms given, it is not necessary to say more in emphasis of the fact that it is so.

The kettle-drum and five-o'clock-tea were instituted in order that ladies might be at home to receive the *calls* of their acquaintances, instead of their cards. Ladies go, in carriage or walking costume, make their call, leave their card to refresh the memory of their hostess that she may remember their presence, and not expect the after-call, binding on those who were not present. As, after a lady has made a call, she, of course, is not bound to repeat it, so, after the call made on kettle-drum day, no other call is expected.

Nearly all general rules have their exceptions, and there are cases where a call is soon followed up by another; as where ladies exchanging first visits do not meet, which requires a second call on the part of the one whose duty it is to make herself known to the other. This rule, so binding in some countries, is seldom observed here, although it was an established one in the days of "The Republican Court."

"Historic Mansions of Philadelphia," page 208, gives us a glimpse of some prevailing social customs in the days when our *ancien noblesse* ruled society after the manner of the English nobility and gentry. The writer, speaking of a daughter of Dr. Barnabus Binney and sister of Horace Binney, says: "Mrs. Wallace lived on Market street, nearly opposite General Washington's house, during his residence in Philadelphia, and her remembrances of him were noted by her son, Horace Binney Wallace, long since deceased. She saw General Washington frequently at public balls. His manners there were very gracious and pleasant. She went with Mrs. Oliver Wolcott to one of Washington's drawing-rooms. The General was present, and came up and bowed to every lady after she was seated. Mrs. Binney visited Mrs. Washington frequently. It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day; and she thus always returned Mrs. Binney's. * * * Mrs. Wallace met Mrs. Washington in her mother's parlor; her manners were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies."

The compiler of this work (herself a great-grand niece of the signer, Oliver Wolcott), thinks this reminiscence must have become a little confused in the mind of Mrs. Wallace, inasmuch as Mrs. Washington, who was known to be very punctilious in returning a first call within the three days of grace prescribed by orthodox etiquette, could hardly have returned *all* calls within that time. Philadelphians were complained of in those days as neglecting the observance of many points of unwritten etiquette which are handed down in families from generation to generation. Mrs. John Adams, writing of the company which she met in Philadelphia city, said that although it was of *the best* kind, there was an absence of attention to conventional rules in striking contrast to the society of New York and Boston.

Still another conflicting rule in "Social Etiquette" must be noticed, inasmuch as it has a tendency to make more difficult that simplifying of rules and observances so essential to harmony of action in, as well as to the requirements of a large society.

The author of "Social Etiquette" gives it as an existing rule of good society in New York that the lady shall bow first, which rule has been nothing but a stumbling block since it was first introduced in America, within the memory of the present generation. It has never been generally adopted by members of our oldest families, or by men who feel secure of their position in society. It is in fact a rule which is utterly inimical to the best interests of social life—one which, if the sensible writer of "Social Etiquette" would look at in all its bearings (instead of from a point of protection from the advances of pushing people) would be acknowledged by her to have no foothold in our necessities. It was made for a certain requirement of society in England, and still holds good for that one requirement there, and for no other. Ask a well-bred Englishman if he waits for any lady, to whose house he has once been invited, or to whom he has once been properly introduced in *exclusive society*, to show her recognition of him first, and his hearty disclaimer will give a man the clue as to his duties. The rule was made for introductions given at public balls, for the purpose of providing ladies with partners, and does not in any way bear upon introductions given in one's own class.

On the Continent, under no circumstances does the lady speak first, and American ladies, whose age or nearness of sight prevent them from being the first to recognize those gentlemen who have been introduced to them, are grateful for a rule so well established, and would like to see it universally adopted here. Every woman has it in her power to drop a man whom she finds wanting in refinement, but there are few who possess the gift of recognizing all who have been introduced to them, when numerous introductions have been given in one evening, as sometimes happens at receptions, where acquaintances of the daughters and sons are for the first time the guests of the mother.

The rule, to suit entirely our ways of life, should require the one who recognizes first to bow first, irrespective of sex or age. It is true that it is the duty of the young to recall themselves to their elders, but sometimes the elder may be the first to recognize, and any rule which prevents either from bowing first, has not as yet imposed its trammels anywhere in the United States, in our best society. We need no such barrier for our protection against the intrusive, and it does actual harm in keeping persons apart, who would have been glad to have dispensed with all unnecessary formalities in their intercourse with each other, had each been equally quick to recognize the other. Gentlemen have fancied that ladies to whom they had asked to be introduced did not wish their acquaintance, because these ladies failed to recognize them (meeting the next time) as they surely would have done had the gentleman taken the initiatory in bowing. Consequently, as American gentlemen do not consider the foreign rule binding of leaving a card upon a lady to whom they have had themselves introduced, the acquaintance, which may have been mutually desired, drops, and the lady is robbed of the gratification which she naturally felt at first, in finding that her acquaintance was sought. Pages written upon this subject would not exhaust the evils arising from the observance of this obnoxious rule, as *foreign* to the spirit of a republic as it is to the instincts of the well-bred. Only very young men will be likely to adopt it although now and then those who are old enough to know better have allowed themselves to be perplexed by it. A lady always has it in her power to prevent a bowing acquaintance from making any further demand upon her, and this being admitted, no reason can be given why she should be made to bear all the odium of non-recognition. Though a quickness for remembering faces and names is considered one of the hall-marks of good breeding, it is an impossibility for those whose circles are widely extended to remember all who have been introduced to them, unless, like kings and queens they have some one at their shoulder to remind them, while a gentleman cannot fail to recognize the lady whom he has known well enough, by sight, to ask for an introduction to her.

This mischievous rule given in "Social Etiquette," should be disregarded everywhere in the United States by those who seek the fixity of society customs. The bow is the touchstone of good breeding, says a French writer, and it is given at the instant of recognition, without hesitation, by our best bred men. We feel sure that the author of "Social Etiquette," were she writing of what ought to be an actual law, and not of a partially adopted custom, would lend the influence of her pen to showing wherein this rule is antagonistic to refined instincts as well as contrary to "the general customs of society at its best." Nor let any one think it too small a matter to engage the attention of the writer, nor the subject too unimportant to employ an author's pen.

The Bishop of Manchester, in one of his lectures, said: "There is a great cry at present about women's rights. I wish women to enjoy all the rights that belong to them, but I would remind them of the great maxim: *C'est la femme qui fait les mœurs.*" Trivial as these disputed points of etiquette may seem to many, they must not forget that attention to details is the true sign of a great mind, and that he who can, in necessity, consider the smallest, is the same man who can compass the largest subjects. Life is made up of details. The following quotations from "Social Etiquette" though not apropos to "Conflicting Points," reveal the spirit in which the able work has been penned.

"Etiquette may be despotic, but its cruelty is inspired by intelligent kindliness. It is like a wall built up around us to protect us from disagreeable, under-bred people, who refuse to take the trouble to be civil. Those who defy the rules of the best society and claim to be superior to them are always coarse in their moral fibre, however strong they may be intellectually. * * *

"Possibly, those vagrants who scorn etiquette and refuse to take the white high-road of a refined civilization, do not possess those necessary aptitudes for imitation which are requisite for the easy acquirement of customs and formalities which by birth are alien to them. Sneering is not unfrequently a thin and foolish veil by which they endeavor to hide their lack of birth and breeding. If such undisciplined persons would only submit to custom and use their best powers of adaptation, they would soon discover that formality is as easy as a tune that sings itself in one's thought without a sound being heard."

### CHAPTER XIV.

OUR BEST SOCIETY — ITS STRENGTH AND ITS WEAKNESSES.

It was a favorite observation of Pope Julius II. that learning elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and to princes was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty.—Life of M. Angelo.

The keynote to the best society is education, whereby all the avenues to advancement are open to all men. Books are our household gods. They make invisible thoughts visible. The great of the earth bow down to the genius of literature.—Emily Faithful.

Our *ancien noblesse* are grandchildren of signers of the Declaration of Independence, or of officers of high rank who fought in the Revolution or in our second war with England, or fell at Bladensburg in single combat.—"Miss Grundy," in the Graphic.

J'ai une observation, qui d'ailleurs a ete mille fois faite. L'Americain a la soif de l'egalite et la manie des titres. Ceux qui peuvent s'appeler, senateur, gouverneur, colonel, general—ne fut ce que de la milice—et leur nombre est legion, sont constamment nommes par leur titre et jamias par leur nom. * * * Par analogie, je citerai encore le naive fierte des anciennes familles qui descendent des premiers emigrants Hollandais, des Puritans anglais, des Huguenots de France. Je n'ai jamais fait la connaissance d'une personne de cette categorie, homme ou femme, qui, immediatement apres la presentation, ne m'ait dit: "Je suis d'une tres-ancienne famille; mes ancetres sont arrives ici, il y a plus de deux cent ans. Nous avons en Angleterre des cousins qui siegent a la chambre des Lords, etc.—M. le Baron de Hubner.

"I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. * * Are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowment of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. * * * * * *

The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth."—Caius Marius. Sallust. Bell. Jugurthin.

"My tastes are exclusive; my principles are against exclusiveness," said a lady in society, not long since, reminding one of the Rev. Frederick Robertson's declaration that his sympathies were with the aristocrat, and his theories with the mob. There are many in our best society that resemble the democrat who, in upholding his views, said: "One man is born as good as another, and a great deal better than some."

This assertion has a foundation in one of the great truths which Science is gradually making clear to all minds. The child born of criminals develops proclivities which the child of virtuous parents is free from. The man who has used the one talent aright, neither sacrificing the cultivation of the physique to mental culture, nor ignoring the latter in pursuit of the former, transmits the fourfold multiplied talent to his offspring. When this has gone on for generations, the result is just what M. Hubner tells us in his work, "Autour du Monde," be found among the American descendants of those Holland emigrants, English Puritans and French Huguenots, that came to our shores more than two hundred years ago, namely, "men and women distinguished from the 'pretentieux et vulgares' by their highly finished education and manners." Herein lies the vitality of the power wielded by old families in America. When the culture dies out, the power expires with it. Men, belonging to such families, who neglect the cultivation of their minds, as some have done in this generation, on the ground that their names would take them into any society in America, must learn sooner or later that their names are really of little service to them in our best society, without that education which was the distinguishing mark of their ancestors.

According to Worcester's definition of education, it comprises that series of *instruction as to manners and habits*, as well as to the enlightenment of the understanding, which our ancestors laid so much stress upon, but which many of their descendants in this generation are seeking to ignore.

Neither names nor titles will keep men or women afloat in our best circles unless they possess the culture of mind and refinement of manner which their names or titles are supposed to represent.

M. Hubner, in his work, "Autour du Monde," declares the American fondness for titles to be so great that "*celui qui le donne et celui qui le recoit se sentent egalement honores.*" He continues, "as to the titles of nobility, the forbidden fruit of republican America, *ils sont evidemment prononces avec volupte.*" Seeking to find some explanation of such strange anomalies in a republic as pride of race, and love of titles, he attributes the weakness less to vanity than to those qualities of human nature which, like the qualities of inanimate nature, require variety, and repudiate equality.

In individual cases, vanity, without doubt, lies at the root of much of the snobbish deference which we see paid to men and women whose only recommendation is the name, or the title, which they bear, or the money they possess; but when we regard these same individuals with a view towards discovering how far they represent the feeling of the various communities in which they dwell, we are sure to find them in no way supported by the prevailing sentiments of the best society. So that after all it was hardly fair in M. Hubner to make such a sweeping assertion. Equally unjust would it be to give the following fact in proof of its truth, instead of as an isolated case which may have no parallel:

At a ball given a few years since in one of the famous palaces of Italy, one room was set apart for the dignitaries. There were dowagers there, wonderful to behold, blazing as they were with diamonds from their coronets down to their girdles; a softened light seemed to pervade the apartment, and no sounds of revelry broke upon the subdued murmurs of this hallowed place, for the bands of music were far distant. An American girl, whose fondness for the decorations of rank had led her into wearing the coronet of a marchioness (of false pearls) passed through the crowd, and seated herself with the elect, entirely unconscious of the sacred character of the place. She was young and beautiful, pale, golden hair, and eyes as blue as the turquoise in her necklace. Her superb *physique* caused her to look like an English woman more than an American, and an English marchioness she was supposed to be, without doubt, from the benignant glances bestowed upon her. Could she have been the same young lady who, more recently, at a court ball in Vienna, expressed her intense happiness, at finding herself surrounded by such dignitaries, in these words: "*On respire ici un atmosphere d'archidues et de princes!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TROUBLE IN THE CHOIR.

BY A. T. WORDEN.

There was something so unusual in the singing of the choir
That the Elder looked up mildly from the tenth of Jeremiah,
And with readjusted eye-glass looked along the foremost row,
While a hundred necks were twisted in a stare from all below.

As before the rolling thunder comes a distant, wailing moan,
There was presage of disturbance in the very organ's tone.
Just the popping of the pickets, ere the battle's awful dins,
Or the tuning of the fiddles ere the orchestra begins.

An unprejudiced observer might have seen with half an eye
There was waiting an explosion that would blow them all sky-high,
Or spontaneous combustion, to accept a modern name,
That was waiting just a motion to burst forth into a flame.

The Soprano sat in grandeur, with her book before her face,
With her back comb turned in anger on the Alto and the Bass;
While the Tenor stood beside her with an elevated nose,
And the Organist pawed madly at the pedals with his toes.

How could any one but Angels sing when they were feeling so,
Though the hymn was "Song of Gladness," they would make it "Sounds of Woe."
When we sing about devotion, some devotion we must feel,
Or our plaintive tones of worship will partake somewhat of squeal.

But the Alto sung her solo, and they left it to the Bass,
Who was gnawing at his moustache, and was looking for the place;
While the Organist, in anger, sung the leading part alone,
And the Tenor tried to follow, but it ended in a groan.

As the horror-stricken people heard the discord rising higher,
It was patent to the simplest there was trouble in the choir,
And the Organist, in fury, closed the organ with a crash,
And the Alto sobbed in anguish, that the choir had gone to smash.

When the Elder went among them with a view to reconcile,
The soprano told her story, with a sanguinary smile;
It appeared the wretched Chorister had introduced a girl
With a brand-new style of singing, and a most distracting curl.

But, to cap the bitter climax, this usurper wore a hat,
Just a duck, a gem, a beauty, and it made the rest look flat;
And the straw that broke the camel's back and made the wreck complete—
She came early Sunday morning, and usurped the leading seat.

When the Elder asked the Tenor why he left, he said: "Because
The soprano said his chest-tones sounded just like filing saws;
And so overheard the Alto one night whisper to the Bass,
That a man with such a moustache was a palpable disgrace."

And the Bass informed the Elder that he modified his views
When he came and joined the Elder's choir, to help fill up his pews.
He was an Episcopalian, and if people thought he'd take
Any nonsense from a Baptist, they had made a great mistake.

Then the Organist and Alto both put on an injured look,
Saying something in an undertone about a change of book;
And the Elder overheard them, as he gently closed the door,
Use the words, "A poor old Fogy," and "A sentimental Bore."

And he scratched his poor old noddle, as he ambled down the street,
With his spectacles on forehead and his slippers on his feet;
And I really think the Elder has a hope of pouring oil
On the troubled sea of music, to allay the sad turmoil.

In the meantime service opens with old "China" or "Bethune,"
And the Deacon, with his tune-fork, gives the people all the tune;
And the organ gathers cobwebs, and the people gather grace,
As they roar out "Coronation" to the Deacon's hoarsest bass.

# THE RIVEN CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "REAPING THE WHIRLWIND," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

I go into the shop as sedately as if I were used to being constantly summoned there to good customers, and I stand ready to wait upon this stranger, just as if my heart were not beating insanely in rare hopefulness. He raises his hat a moment in an old-fashioned ceremonious way, as he comes forward to the counter, and gives me the opportunity to look at him. He is a slight young man, and is dressed in a loose grey suit, with a round felt hat of the same color. He has a florid complexion and thick curly brown hair. His eyes are blue and bright, though rather small, and his features are all good, though small too. His expression is pleasant, but a certain forced smile which comes too frequently to his lips (and stays too long) takes the case somehow from his whole appearance. He speaks well, but with an awkward lisp, and a rapidity which sounds almost foreign.

He has seen the card in our window, he says, and will be glad to look at the rooms I have to let.

Ah, how good this is! A possible lodger is even better than a possible customer. I lead him from the shop, with my heart beating in the most ridiculously childish manner. Suppose he knew! Suppose he knew what words go up in silence from my heart, when I have shown him the two rooms, and stand waiting for his decision! He does not praise or admire the lodgings at all (our two prized best rooms!); he only with a stiff bow, makes me aware that he is ready to return to the shop, and when we reach it he says very little, speaking in a polite way—gently, I should say, only for that broad, silly smile on his face, and a certain ill-at-ease affectation of youthfulness which is rather ludicrous in so young a man. He regrets, he tells me, that he cannot let me know his decision until the next day, and he asks me if I will kindly keep the rooms until then.

Of course I promise, because it is so natural that he should not care to decide at once. And when I have promised he gives me another of his wide, quick smiles and goes.

"Lottie! Lottie!"

She has gone to fetch the kettle to boil in the parlor, because long ago we let out the kitchen fire, so I rush down after her, and when she claps her hands and begins to dance I race from her round the table, and she soon catches me. But as for my catching her—well, I daresay it is because I have not time. For aunt Charlotte utters a groan which, in its concentrated misery, shows us that she hears our laughter, and which takes us up as swiftly and decorously as possible, Lottie with the kettle, and I with the tray. This tea is to be a feast, because of father's birthday, but we find the preparations hindered a good deal by aunt Charlotte's damping observations.

It is quite eight o'clock when father at last comes in, and he looks so worn and tired that I know in a moment all the history of his city search. But Aunt Charlotte does not feel so, and goes back to her questioning again and again, after every little success of mine in driving her from it.

"No, father," the children cry excitedly, "before you open your parcels you must guess them."

So, before he has his tea, father has to make wild unlikely guesses over our three parcels. Lottie's bottle of sherry he first guesses to be hair oil, to Stevie's intense delight; and then—after longer pondering than ever—he assures Dolf it must be ink!

I don't mind this delay, because I can sit with my arm in his, and my head on his shoulder, laughing at him as he guesses, and seeing his dear eyes brighten, as they always do, over the pleasure of his little lads.

But at last, having guessed nothing correctly, he is allowed to open his presents; and then, when he has kissed us all for them—just as he could only do if they were most rare and costly gifts—the children release him and let him have his tea in peace. And while we have it, as a happier birthday present than all, I tell him of our new lodger; finding it very hard indeed to tell this in any but the most exuberant of tones, which perhaps aunt Charlotte thinks very unwise, for she immediately reminds him that gentlemen who like the look of rooms, and have any intention of taking them, always do so at once, and that when a lodger says he will write or call again it means simply that he does not intend you ever to see him or hear from him again.

"Even if so," father says quite pleasantly, though I can see he has let his hopefulness grow as great as ours, and is suddenly rather ashamed of himself—poor father!—"we shall only be just where we were before, Charlotte, my dear."

Then I describe the new lodger again—as I did before to Lottie in the kitchen—until father laughs, and with a touch of the old gentle humor we see seldom now, tells me that, judging by my description of the young man, he would make Philip Aston look very ordinary indeed. We have just finished tea, and are chatting about the fire—I just a little astonished that Philip does not come in—when rather a strange thing happens—strange, I mean, when we recollect how long our rooms have been vacant and the card unnoticed in the window. Mr. Lowe, the landlord of the inn above, comes in to ask us to let two rooms to a gentleman who has just arrived from Paris, and who will take them at once, as he likes the locality. He is not only willing to pay two guineas a week, but will engage them for a permanency, as he hates change of all kind. But Mr. Lowe adds that this gentleman must have a decisive answer to-night.

There is a little silence after this had been said, and we have all understood it exactly. Father looks at me, and I look at father. This weekly sum is nearly three times what we have asked the young gentleman who called this afternoon, and who, after all, may never come again. Two guineas would be like a fortune to us—a rest for father, school and happiness for Lottie, little luxuries for aunt Charlotte, a certainty for us all, and—I see how father is thinking of all this just as I am. But I see too that the thought which follows it for me is father's thought.

"Too late, Jeanie?" he says, while for a moment his unsteady hand goes to his forehead.

"Yes, father, I have promised."

For quite half-an-hour Mr. Lowe stays, trying to tempt us to change our decision; but the moment of temptation has passed, and father only quietly says he will not break his promise, and evidently fancies he says it as determinedly as he thinks it.

When the persuasions are over and Mr. Lowe is gone, aunt Charlotte give freer vent to her angry mortification.

"I never knew any one like you, Steven, for standing persistently in your own light," she says, "and, of course, in these selfish qualms of yours, you stand in my light too, and the children's. Two guineas a week would make us a little comfortable, as you can never do while you are getting nothing."

"Oh, hush!" I whisper, seeing the look of despair—so new to it—which falls across father's tired face. Ah, she must forget this is his birthday!

"Father," says Lottie brightly, when she bids him good night, "our new lodger will be sure to be a great success, because he chanced to come on your birthday."

"And did not the other chance come on your birthday, too," inquires aunt Charlotte, in such a different tone from little Lottie's—"the one you voluntarily sent away."

### CHAPTER IV.

It is next morning and at last I can tell father of what Philip came to break to me yesterday. Father says but little—only bids me have courage and wait—and then ——But there is no need to tell what more he says, in that long low whisper of his, while one thin gentle hand lies on my head.

So, when Philip comes in, a few minutes afterwards, I meet him just as he must be so very much used to see me meet him, with both my hands so willingly offered, and my eyes telling so plainly what joy it is to see him.

"Oh, Philip," I cry, in untold gladness, as I read some new look in his face, and hear a new gladness in his step, "it is not good bye! I see that you have good news for me at last—at last."

"Not quite yet, my dearest," he says, even laughing a little to see the gladness of my face as he could not laugh if his own were not just as glad, "but very soon, I think. I have heard of such a good chance, Jeanie, and I am going now to try for it. Wish me success, dear love."

How I wish it him no one need ever know, while only the wonderful sunlight all about me now shows me how great has been that pain with which I have fought so secretly since—just only four-and-twenty hours before—Philip told me he must leave me. Perhaps we need not separate now. He might be going to work near us now, so that each day I might still see him.

"Didn't you wonder that I did not come last night?" he asks presently. "Did you think I forgot it was your father's birthday, Jeanie?"

"No, I never thought that, Philip. I only fancied you were tired and disappointed—and I felt that you thought it would be hard for me, as I should be fainthearted and spoil——"

"Spoil everything," Philip puts in, with that pleasant laugh of his that I have heard so seldom lately. "You generally do spoil everything. Witness your keeping me here now, and spoiling my chance for me."

"But what is it, Philip?" I inquire taking away my hand, and looking perfectly ready to part with him.

"My old master has advertised for a first-class hand for Worcester work, Jeanie, and I am going now to beg for his choice. I have my best specimens, and he will help me, I'm sure, for he always said my flowers were unequalled. It will be such a good berth, my dear. They are the finest works in Worcestershire, and—and no one could be more grateful than I should be to get the post."

"When shall you know, Philip?"—the words falter a little in my irrepressible delight.

"In a few days, love. But you will see me to-night. I cannot spend another day without a few minutes' rest and enjoyment with you. This is no happy festival for me to spoil with my long face."

"I too, Philip," I cry, my eyes dancing with delight, "shall have good news to tell you, I believe. What should you say if by that time we had a—lodger upstairs?"

"My darling, if you thought to have the Koh-i-noor, you could not look more grateful," Philip says, pausing one moment on the threshold, and glancing almost sadly into my face. "What should I say? I should say 'happy fellow!'"

And it is just as Philip says it, standing in the doorway, that some one from without turns, pauses just one second as if in doubt, glances up at the name above the windows, and then crosses the threshold as Philip glances down rather quizzically upon him, but he turns with his ceremonious bow and broad smile to me.

"I hope you kept the rooms for me," he says.

Philip smiles and nods his farewell to me across our little lodger's head, and I see in his eyes just the merry glance that used to belong to them before times grew so hard with him.

"My name is Carden," our new lodger says, setting down a small old-fashioned hair trunk which he carries in his hand. "I forgot to leave you my name yesterday. I dare say you thought I should never turn up again."

Aunt Charlotte thought so. But I do not say that, I only think it, while I catch myself staring with inexcusable curiosity at the hideous bull's head carved on the handle of his umbrella.

Of course he does not guess how sorely last night we were tempted not to keep the rooms for him (I remind myself of that, and of how good this project seemed before the other flashed upon us), and presently I am just as proud of leading him upstairs as I knew yesterday that I should be if he really decided to come.

He has no luggage but the small hair trunk and the umbrella with the bull's head, and both of these, before he turns to speak to me, he deposits fussily in the corner of his sitting-room. I don't like his sitting-room. I don't like his lisping voice after Philip's; and I don't like the perpetual smile which only stirs his lips, after the quiet merriment of Philip's eyes; and I am quite, quite sure that Philip would never have stood there talking to me with his hat on! Yet, though I try quite hard and unkindly to do it, I cannot tell Lottie when I go downstairs to her, that our new lodger is ungentlemanly.

"He is everything that is nice, Jeanie," laughs Lottie, "because now he has come I am to go to school every afternoon; you don't forget?"

Forget—when this has been one of the chief reasons of my great joy to see him, and the foundation of this ridiculous gratitude which I feel towards him!

### CHAPTER V.

Every Saturday afternoon is a sort of half-holiday for us. Until these last few weeks, when Philip has been unemployed, and so busily seeking employment, he has always made it a gala afternoon for me, and very often for either father or Lottie too. But lately that has been impossible, and we have only gone together for a pleasant walk, after my little marketing excursion has been over. But to-day I feel so very, very happy about Philip's not going away that I know, if we can only manage a walk together to market, it will be quite a joyful afternoon. Three or four precious hours with Philip, and all the while the happy consciousness that he is not going away from me into another world—as I thought until yesterday—happy yesterday!

All morning I sing about my work, and run from room to room, and say such mad and merry words to Lottie that aunt Charlotte has to stop her laughing.

"You are sure to cry at night, if you begin the day with laughter," she says; and that stops Lottie quite effectually. But it cannot stop my happy thoughts. And, when I run to kiss father on his return, and he sees them in my eyes, I think he is glad. My seed-cake and Sunday pudding are made by that time, and his dinner is ready, so we sit down at once, and father tells us, quite cheerily, all about his morning in the city.

"Aunt Charlotte," says Lottie, wondering over her grave face, when just now everything is looking bright for us, "don't forget we have our lodger now." I have to remind myself every minute or two, because it seems too good to be true, after our long, long waiting.

"All that long waiting has to be made up for before we can think of any profit," aunt Charlotte answers. And somehow, in my great regret that she can see things only so sorrowfully, I go round quietly and kiss her, while I pretend to be only changing her plate.

We clear the table together, Lottie and I, because father is in the shop, and aunt Charlotte will nap a little. And, when everything is washed and put away, I run up-stairs to prepare for a walk to the Columbia Market—with Philip.

"I wish you could look a little gayer," says Lottie, surveying me with loving, though rather dissatisfied eyes, as I take a look at myself before going down. "But you could never look shabby, Jeanie. I don't know why. I dare say Philip knows."

I am still laughing over my little sister's loving nonsense, as she runs downstairs with me, when I hear Philip's voice in the parlor. He is begging father to let him close the shop (as we used to do on Saturday afternoons), but father says no, he will keep it open to-day. Then Philip sees me, and comes and kisses me, and takes from me the bag I shall want for marketing.

"Please don't expect us home very early," he says, while I give my good-bye kisses, "because I want to tempt Jeanie into the museum for an hour."

Of course he knows no tempting is needed beyond his wish to go; of course he sees in a moment that I am delighted at the thought; yet he pretends to look as if it were a doubtful matter indeed. Mr. Carden is standing at the shop door; and, as Philip has been called back by aunt Charlotte, and only the little boys are hovering about me, I stay and speak to him, wondering what it is that makes him seem so lonely, so isolated, as it were, whether in our rather noisy house, or in the busy street. In his halting, lisping way he asks me where I am going, and I tell him, my eyes brightening, I'm sure, as I add that after my marketing is over, Philip will take me into the Bethnal Green Museum. But he does not answer that; he only asks me, quite politely, though he looks out into the street the while, if I will kindly buy him a pound of tea—if I don't forget. I promise him I will not forget, and by that time Philip is free, and we start off together.

"Oh, Philip," I say, lifting my glad face to his, "if only everybody could be as happy as I am just this minute! How very, very lonely our new lodger seems to-day! Did you notice how strangely he looked after us? And he was looking so still, when I glanced back at father."

Philip has not noticed that; but he too seems to have remarked that strange solitariness about Mr. Carden, and he talks of it now, wondering if there is anything he can do to lessen it. What a walk it is for us! It is not bright weather, nor is there anything pretty or fresh on the way, yet it seems to me a beautiful walk to-day, as we saunter on, seeing everything, hearing everything, yet talking all the while to each other of that happy future which seems now so near. We picture—oh, how brilliantly we picture it!—that home Philip will earn in Worcestershire, and to which, he tells me, he shall fetch me in the bright spring days. Then we picture how father will sell the business and come and live with us, having a dear little room of his own, with his favorite books in it, and will rest at last; how the little boys will go to a better school then, and Lottie learn as she longs to learn, and grow strong and rosy; how we will have a beautiful garden, and Philip will copy his own flowers and design so beautifully that his name will soon be famous; how aunt Charlotte will grow placid and content because she will have everything she wishes, and shall not be troubled about a single thing. Ah, how pleasant all this dreaming is! And how Philip laughs when I suggest that we ask Mr. Carden to go with us!

They are but trifling things I have to buy when we reach the market, yet they soon seem to fill Philip's bag, and I have hard work to pack them compactly. Philip enjoys it all as childishly as I do, making a fresh joke over every fresh purchase, and now and then whispering to me so merrily about our future housekeeping, while I pack my parcels into the bag, that more than once I look up to catch some one smiling at us. There is always a great fascination for me in watching people's faces, and once or twice Philip has to remind me, with a laugh, that we need not spend the whole of our afternoon in the Columbia Market.

"But, Philip," I whisper, stooping to put a rosy apple into the begrimed little hand of a city Arab, "isn't it worth much to see a real babyish smile of enjoyment break out on such a haggard, worldly little face?"

"There is very little that is babyish here," Philip answers, giving way as one of the eager, half-starved children shuffles by, groping for stray morsels.

"I wonder how it feels to a lad to grow up utterly without care or love," I say. "It can scarcely be like life, because we live in what we love—even more, in what loves us. Oh, I wish I felt that my love was to you all that yours is to me."

"So it is—or more," he answers, very low and tenderly. "Of course there are different kinds of love; but there is one that holds and exalts and strengthens us—and yours is that, my dearest. I would not give up my love for the riches of any other man in the world."

"I think a walk here does one good, Philip," I say, as we go slowly out into the street. "It is well, now and then, to see how poor others are. I think the first step towards growing brave and worthy to be well off is to bear denial—without complaint—as—as father does, Philip."

"And no one else we know?" he questions, smiling. For of course he knows many who do so; his knowledge is so much larger than mine.

Philip leaves the heavy bag at a house where he once lodged for a time, and then we walk on more quickly to Bethnal Green. We choose a way through narrow dingy streets, not only because it is shorter, but because we escape the din of the Hackney Road, and can hear each other's voices. So the way seems quite short, and when we reach the museum I am eagerly ready to enjoy everything. It always dazzles me a little just at first, because of course there has been nothing on our way to prepare us for suddenly standing surrounded by splendor—Indian splendor, which must surely outshine our own royal magnificence.

I don't know how long a time Philip and I have spent, standing rapt and delighted—Philip especially—before the exquisite handiwork of other men, when at last we go up-stairs to the picture gallery.

"You are so patient and pleasant while I keep you dawdling among the porcelain, Jeanie," Philip says (he often tells a fib like that), "that you deserve a rest among the pictures. I know you like that."

Most of the seats are occupied, but presently we find one on which there is only a small old gentleman, with an open book in his hand—a curious little old gentleman in a huge great-coat and broad-brimmed hat, like a Quaker in a picture.

"Pleasant place for a holiday, sir," observes Philip, presently, in his genial-hearted way. But the old gentleman only looks icily at us through his spectacles; and then, after an ominous little silence, remarks that it is not everybody who can take a holiday when he chooses. I think how mistaken he is in supposing that Philip can, and I think how much more the heart can make a holiday than the fact of having no work to do; but there seems a sort of suppressed rage about this little old gentleman, so I don't venture to speak at all to him, but turn a little sideways and look again at that strange painting of the six days of the Creation. I wonder once more why the angels have all the same melancholy eyes set very far apart, and the same squeamish expression on their lips. I wonder again whether it is the weight of their hair or the fact of their being so much alike which makes them all feel unhappy. And then my thoughts go on from the wonderful painting of the picture to the still more wonderful story it tells, until I am recalled by Philip's dear happy tones, and I find he is talking away to that little old gentleman on his favorite subject of china-painting. He speaks like the true artist he is, but there is not the faintest expression of sympathy in his listener's face.

"I could fancy no prouder moment," Philip says, "than to have it given me to paint a wreath upon the torquoise blue of real old Sevres—the new, both in color and finish, is not to be compared with it."

"You could fancy no prouder moment," repeats the little old gentleman, with a sort of grunt. "Then what about this moment when you have your—your sweetheart, eh, beside you?"

"She understands," Philip answers, with his pleasant smile. "She knows that that moment could not come unless she were beside me."

"What?" exclaims the little old gentleman, with a sharp glance across Philip, straight into my face. "You are thinking of marrying, eh?"

"Yes," I answer quite readily, fearing Philip may feel angry for my sake.

But Philip is too happy to be angry.

"Yes," he says quite proudly, and with a strange look down upon the old gentleman, as if he even pitied him, "I am proud and grateful to say we are thinking, as you say, of marrying."

"You live in this neighborhood, I suppose?" inquires this curt old gentleman, and yet not rudely, indeed so almost gently that I am not surprised to hear Philip do more than simply answer him. He tells of his art-education; of his success in his profession; of his broken arm which has been such a terribly serious thing to him; of his difficulty in winning another engagement afterwards; of the long seeking and waiting; and then of the new appointment which he feels so sure of gaining. Very quietly the old gentleman sits to listen, yet his voice is anything but kindly when he breaks the silence which follows Philip's little story.

"I advise you to go to this new appointment without a wife."

"I must," Philip says; while I feel a little uncomfortable, and try to fix my thoughts, as well as my eyes, on a vivid representation of the judgment of Solomon, which, though Philip admires it, tempts me to laugh. "I must, for she will not be spared to me yet, I'm sorry to say."

"You want to go with him, I suppose?" the old man asks me, rather suddenly. But Philip firmly interrupts this question, though still quite kindly.

I wish this stranger would go away and leave us, yet I can see that Philip would think the wish unkind; for, if this solitary old man likes to talk a little on a holiday afternoon, surely it is good-natured to let him.

So, thinking this, I turn and look over the gallery, and make a commonplace remark to the little old gentleman about the splendor of the things our Prince has lent us.

"Of what use are they?" he asks me snappishly. "Are you both artists then, with no notion of being useful in the world?"

"I think we have our notions," Philip answers, still forbearing and patient with this uncomfortable old gentleman. Then I turn away again, for there is always room for thought among the pictures, and I do not listen any more, until Philip touches my hand, as he gaily questions his companion.

"Is your experience very wide, sir?"

I am not sorry to look away from the painting of a sunset on the sea, for, beautiful as it is, it reminds me so often of what those days and nights have been while I have thought Philip was going to sail so far from me, and he never guesses that I turn with such a happy smile because he is not going to leave me.

"I've had experience enough," the stranger answers, rather grimly. "There is no need of a very wide one on such a narrow subject. I've learned that men have but two reasons for marrying. If a man has more brains than are necessary to guide his own affairs, he takes some one else's in hand—and marries. If a man has more money than he can spend on himself, he knows a wife that will soon help him to spend it, so he marries. I don't know anything about your little friend, but women are all formed with only one desire—that of dress."

"Don't you know a woman," Philip asks, "whose thoughts rarely rest upon herself at all. Are there not those whose lives are spent for others?"

"Evidently," the stranger mutters, with his queer little grunt, "a man can make himself believe anything when he seeks an excuse for marrying. Well, go on and try it. Yet I should like you to be warned in time. I've seen often enough the ruin it has brought, and could give you instances by the score. I once knew two young fellows who were clerks in the same office. For years they had been like brothers, when one morning one of them hung up his inky office-coat, and went away—to be married. And the other, as the coat hung there, drove a nail through it into the wall, knowing his friend would never come back. He was right enough too, for this friend, a bright, merry lad, with a true and loving nature, was just the one to make a thoughtless marriage." (This with a shrewd, slow glance from Philip's face to mine.) "Before her marriage his sweetheart had never shown him either her selfishness or her ill-temper, and had even kept from him the fact that she was sickly. But directly afterwards he knew it all only too quickly. She was constantly ailing, constantly complaining, exacting impossible service, and entailing ruinous expense. He never complained; he worked hard at a business he hated, because he could not otherwise supply her with the delicacies she fretted for. He devoted to her all he earned; gave her every hour of his leisure; never between business-hours left the close room where she allowed no breath of air; came home from his hard day's work to the harder work of trying to cheer her, and went back to his day's work after a night which had known no rest. No one came and tempted him from this terrible life, until one day—after six years had passed, without one single day or night of holiday for him—he stood beside her bed with such a strange and awful look upon his face that she sprang up as if she had never felt herself powerless. 'Lie still, dear,' he said quite quietly, by force of habit. 'Others will nurse you now. I cannot. I am ill, and—my brain—is gone.' He died soon after that, and she lives still. But his fellow-clerk, a single man of course, is one of the richest men now in—— What need is there to tell you where? Such stories are common enough."

I have risen and am longing to go away, yet that strange note of pathos in the old man's voice stirs me strangely. I picture father in this solitary bitter mood, and all the while my heart beats with gratitude to think that he is so different.

"Young men won't be warned," he goes on, as Philip rises too, and quietly takes my hand in his. "I suppose you can't help marrying, any more than you can help dying. It's your fate. But be prepared, that's all, for the one as much as the other. The romantic sorrows and partings in your courtship are easy to be borne in comparison with the little wearying bickerings of married life. Aren't you afraid of them?"

"We cannot judge," Philip says, his face full of fun, "until we try them."

"You know the Russian proverb—'Those who wed once wail always.'"

"A Russian bachelor wrote that," laughs Philip. "But, if you object to an Englishman's idea, let me remind you how a Frenchman said, 'There are two lovely things in the world—women and roses.'"

"But not wives and roses. No, when a man marries, he walks blindfold, if he is a working-man, into poverty and discomfort—if he is rich, into debt and loneliness."

Philip bows—in a cold haughty way I never saw in him before.

"If you are rested, dear," he says, in his gentle way, looking at me with, oh, such a contradiction of all this stranger has been saying, "we will go round the gallery."

But suddenly now, because we are going to leave him, the old gentleman seems so solitary and so old that I offer him my hand (for he has said no word against Philip) as I speak to him.

"Even I cannot agree with what you have said," I say quietly, "because, though I have had no experience myself of married life, I know that my own father—though quite poor—was very, very happy."

I suppose it is seeing my eyes fill with tears that makes the old man answer me more disagreeably even than he has spoken at all before.

"Don't drag in past and gone experiences," he says, looking quite away from us. "If mine is an error (as some one said of his religion), leave me with my error."

"I think," Philip says, his voice quite gentle that now he notices a strange tremble in that of the old man, "that perhaps you have had too many sad experiences. I am not a very great reader, but somewhere I have seen it said that man fixes the Jacob's ladder into the earth, but woman soars on it up to Heaven. We only follow."

"There, I won't keep you," he says then, with an impatient gesture of the hands. "Go now. I won't keep you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FACETIÆ

—Patent corn-planters—Tight boots.

—"'Domestic' happiness"—A servant girl who has got a beau

—A man always willing to make room for others—The carpenter.

—A legal conveyancer—The driver of the prison van or "Black Maria."

—The baker, by the exigencies of his business, is necessarily a "loafer."

—It is this thing of being "rocked in the cradle of the deep" that sinks so many vessels.

—One of the most difficult things among artists is to color or draw flesh, but for drawing blood the pugilist stands in the very first rank.

—German William and Joseph of Austria, with the rest of them, may trace back their lineage as far as they please, but the only genuine "h'emperer" is the public hangman.

—If you want to know how far ten dollars will go, put it in a Chicago savings bank, and the first thing you'll hear it will be traveling in Europe with the President of the bank.

—No thoughtful person can ever look down upon Congress when in session, without thinking how fitly the bald-headed eagle would have stood as the emblem of the American Republic.

—It is believed to have been in Chicago or St. Louis, where the auricular appendages are remarkable for approaching warped barn-doors in size, that "waltzing off on one's ear" first originated.

—Among all the professions of this world, there is no one who must so keep his eyes open as the bar-tender, for if he were not to do so, how in the world could he see his customers wink?

—If a chemist, or for that matter any one else, wants to precipitate matters, let him ask a milkman the qualitative and quantitative sanitary value of spring or hydrant water for mixing purposes.

—Many a woman has often been spoken of as resembling a moth fluttering around the torch of Hymen. There is a time, however, when she is comparatively more, and that is no doubt in the case of a mother.

—A West Philadelphian, hearing that a New Yorker had drank a quart of whisky at one draught, resolved to surpass him, and took a gallon. He took it in a demijohn, when the owner of the store wasn't looking.

—Inasmuch as the cat was sacred with the Egyptians, and bricks were made without straw, thus lessening their missile offensive or defensive qualities, it is naturally to be supposed the felines had rather a good time of it.

—None of the cat collections called "shows" have prospered. It couldn't well be otherwise. The private fence collections that every man has in his back yard, made the thing so common that public exhibitions excited no interest whatever.

—The comparative absence of snow this winter will do great service in the cause of truth next summer. It will prevent the girls from lying to each other about the number of sleighrides they had invitations for and accepted from their gentlemen friends.

—The question of a general European war may well fright the continental nations from their equanimity, but what would be their terror if they saw forecast, as we do, in the warm mists of the coming spring, the opening of another base-ball season.

—At banquets many a man's health as a sign of greater respect is drank standing. But when a boy who has been out skating without his mother's permission is seen eating his dinner in the same position, it is not out of deference to anybody's health but his own, which will not permit him to sit down.

—It is all very well for women to possess a spirit, and when they feel they are right, to determine to have their own way about things; but though this may be satisfactory at times, it is the undertaker who is principally benefited by the kitchen-maid's resolution to light the fire with kerosene in spite of all the hospital statistics in the market.

—The French cannot "kick you," owing to the peculiarities of their language; but they have to say; "Give him a hit with the foot." As there is no material difference in the thing, however, this is not so advantageous as it might at first seem to those people whose superabundant company can only be dispensed with in this way.

THE WORST COUGHS are cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy also for Pains in the Breast, and Soreness of the Throat.

### ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Rat-tat, rat-tat—
  Up the long, long street
Pat-a-pat, pat-a-pat—
  O, the lagging feet!
Rat-tat, rat-tat—
  He is over the way;
'Twill be our turn next,
  And 'tis Valentine's Day!

Rat-tat, rat-tat—
  O, the quick, quick feet
He is here at last,
  At the end of the street.
With a rush and a whirl,
  Fly, fly, little feet:
For the first to have
  Is the first to greet.

Rat-tat, rat-tat—
  Here they are! here they are!
From lovers and friends,
  From near and far.
For each and for all
  A word or a line,
For the sake of our sweet
  St. Valentine!

Laugh on, little lips;
  Smile still, little eyes;
For you are no shadows
  Of tears or of sighs.
Bloom, bloom, little cheeks,
  With your childhood's flush,
That knows not the pain
  Of a brighter blush.

Rat-tat, rat-tat—
  Let him go his way,
For many a mile
  Must be tread to-day;
While pulses quicken,
  And bright eyes gleam,
And young hearts beat
  To their first love-dream.

* * * * * *

Then gather your spoils
  In your glad young hands;
He smiles to see you,
  Where'er he stands.
For smiles are guerdon
  That seem divine,
When childhood meets
  St. Valentine!

# FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—[CONTINUED.]

An old man with hair as white as snow, a worn, troubled face, and hands that trembled as they rested on his stick, was standing before Lady Caraven, bowing as though she were the arbitress of his destiny.

"I am Farmer Moore, my lady—Farmer Moore—and I want to speak to you."

Lady Caraven stood quite still, but he was a man so old and venerable that his appearance alone commanded respect.

"Farmer Moore," she repeated, "and you want me. I am very much pleased to see you. Will you come into the house?"

"No, my lady; I cannot enter your doors with my present trouble on me. Your husband is a young man, but he is driving my white head to the grave."

"My husband?" exclaimed Lady Caraven. "You must not speak ill of him."

"He must not act ill to me," he said, "an old man, my lady, so old that my grandsons say a good wish from me is a blessing, an evil wish a curse—an old, old man, my lady."

She saw how he trembled, and sweet compassion filled her heart. What could he want from her, this old man?

"I have stood here, my lady," he said, "every day for ten long days waiting to see you. They told me that you were young and bonnie—that you had kind eyes and a kind heart. Your husband wants to drive me to death, my lady—will you save me?"

She thought he must be raving; but his manner was calm and collected. They were standing together just at the end of the coppice, and Lady Caraven pointed to one of the fallen trees.

"Sit down there, Farmer Moore," she said, "if you will not come into the house, and tell me what is wrong."

"I am an old man, my lady, I have lived many years, and I have never seen an injustice prosper yet. The Earl is going to do an injustice to me and mine. You will keep him from it?"

"I will if I can," she replied. "What is it?"

"The Moores have lived at Bromhill Farm, my lady, more years than I could count. I have heard it read how, centuries ago, when the Lords of Caraven went to war the Moores followed them. They have always been tenants on the Ravensmere estates. The farm, my lady—Bromhill Farm—is let to them on lease; when one lease expires, another is signed. My lady, when I was a boy my father signed a lease for seventy years, and the seventy years will be at an end next month. I have sons and grandsons waiting to succeed me, and the home is my home—I love it. My father lived and died there, my sons were born there. The old homestead is part of my life, or my soul, my lady; standing outside of it, I seem to have no life."

"I understand," she said gently.

"There has never been any difficulty about the renewal of the leases, my lady. The Lords of Caraven knew how to value good tenants; and when a fresh lease was signed the Earl would say, 'Moore, you will take a glass of wine with me,' and the best wine in his lordship's cellar would be put before him. There might have been tenants who would have offered more money, but the Lords of Ravensmere would have laughed at that. We were their humble friends and true servitors, my lady. You do not meet with such every day."

"I understand," she repeated, not knowing what to say.

"Now, my lady, the seventy years' lease signed when I was a curly-haired boy playing at my father's knee has expired. We thought, my son John and I, that we had nothing to do except call on the Earl and renew it. We never dreamed of anything else, my son John and I. So we called, my lady, and a footman brought us word that his lordship left all the business connected with his estate to Mr. Blantyre. As we were leaving home I said to my son John, 'John, we shall taste the Earl's famous wine to-day;' and he, in his cheery way, said, 'It will do you good, father.' But there was no wine, my lady, no kindly greeting from the lord of the castle, no message to the old retainers of the house, except that we were to go to Blantyre. My lady," said the old man solemnly, as he struck his stick upon the ground, "I hate Blantyre."

She could have added, "so do I." But it was wiser to be silent.

"We went to Blantyre, my son John and I. He told us that he would not renew the lease. At first we thought that he was mad; it seemed to us that the very stones by the wayside must rise up and cry out against it. He said that we must leave Bromhill. My son John looked at him and answered, 'The Moores have always lived at Bromhill, and always will.' 'We shall see about that,' said Blantyre. 'I have a more eligible tenant in view, and you will be compelled to leave, whether you like it or not.' This to a Moore of Bromhill, my lady! I think we were too stunned to speak. We went out of his office, and it seemed to me that the earth and sky were meeting. Then we heard afterwards that Peter Harrogate had bribed the agent with a fifty-pound note to persuade Lord Caraven to refuse us the lease. My lady, it is a crying injustice. We are sons of the soil, we have made the farm what it is. If the Earl sends us from it, he will send me to my grave. I should die on the threshold. I could not live one day away from my house. He must not do it, Lady Caraven. The bonds of long generations must not be so easily broken. He cannot send his old retainers away in that fashion—men whose fathers died in the service of his ancestors, men whose bodies have been interposed to meet the blows intended for the Lords of Caraven. What is fifty pounds compared to that?"

"No," replied Lady Caraven gravely; "it must not be."

"They told me," the old man continued, "that the young Earl is careless, and that he leaves everything to Blantyre. You will plead for me, my lady; you will remember that an old white-haired man has left his life in your hands—for I should die if I left my home for one day. Ask for justice for me, and, if the agent must be bribed, I will give him twice fifty pounds; ask for justice for me as you hope for mercy."

All pale and trembling, she rose from her seat, frightened at the responsibility that he had placed upon her, remembering how her last petition for merciful consideration had been received.

"You may leave your case in my hands," she said. "I think I may promise that you shall have justice."

He raised his trembling hands and blessed her, and Lady Caraven went indoors with a weight at her heart. Not least did she feel her great anger against Blantyre, this man who influenced her husband for evil, who advised him and counselled him in wrong-doing, this man who committed all unkind and unjust acts in the name of the Earl. Then, with her vivid imagination, she was not slow to picture the painful scenes in the farm at Bromhill. It seemed to her almost cruel that one man should have so much power over another. She remembered her last defeat, and shuddered when she thought what another would cost her.

She must set about her present undertaking differently; she must be more gracious, more winning; she must condescend to plead. She had the life of a white-haired old man, the happiness of a whole family in her hands—there would be no room for self—she must be more patient. She remembered Longfellow's beautiful words:

> "Bear a lily in thy hand—
> Gates of brass cannot withstand
> One touch of that magic wand."

She would lose no time in puzzling reflections, but do that which had been asked of her. She would go "lily in hand," and refuse to leave her husband until her prayer was granted. She smiled to herself as she thought how diplomatic she was growing. On the last occasion that she had a favor to beg from him she had not thought of a fitting time. She was growing wiser.

"After luncheon to-day," she decided.

And that resolve to control her own impatience and study her husband's humors was one of the wisest resolves she had ever made in her life.

After luncheon there was generally an interval of quiet in the castle. Most of the ladies went to their own rooms; some of the gentlemen went to the billiard-room, some sought the library. As good fortune would have it, Lord Caraven went to the library alone. Hildred followed him.

"Are you going to write a letter?" she asked.

"Yes, unless you will be kind enough to write it for me," he replied. "It seems to me a sin to exert oneself on such a day as this;" and the handsome Earl proceeded leisurely to seat himself in an easy-chair and watch his wife while she wrote for him.

Her promptitude pleased him; her desire to meet his wishes gratified him. The letter she had written was just what he wanted. The young wife smiled to herself at the thought of how well she was progressing. She looked up at him with a smile, saying to herself that she must bring the whole artillery of her smiles and graces to bear upon him.

"Should you like a companion for a short time?" she said. "I like this old library in the afternoon; the sunshine slants on the wall. I often come here, and, looking around me, I meditate on the glories of the dead and gone Caravens. They were a noble race; no wonder that you are proud of them."

"I am proud of them," confessed the Earl. "I am graceless enough, but I love the honor of my house."

"And no wonder. I was looking the other day at some of those portraits in the Eastern Gallery. They were noble men, those ancestors of yours; some of them have kingly faces. Ah, they may talk of worth and money, but I would rather have the proud distinction of noble birth like yours than all the money in the world!"

"Would you?" he asked dreamily. "That seems strange."

"I do not think so. We all value most highly that which we have not," she replied simply. "It must be an incentive to a noble and glorious life to have such ancestors as yours."

An expression of deeper earnestness than she had yet seen came over his face.

"I am an unworthy successor to the honor of the Caravens," he said. "I thought it would all be different when I began life."

"And why was it not different?" asked the young wife.

"I cannot tell," he replied. "I think indolence has been my ruin. I have never yet taken a real interest in anything."

"That is strange," said Hildred; "but it does not follow that you never will."

The window at which they were sitting was open, and long tendrils of white jessamine blew in. Sometimes they touched the Earl's face, and it was under the pretext of removing them, lest they should tease him, that his young wife drew nearer to him. It might have touched any man's heart to see how she watched his face, how she kept her eyes fixed upon it, lest by word or deed she should irritate him. She drew back the long sprays of jessamine.

The view from the window was a beautiful one, extending over the pleasure-grounds and the green, undulating woods. The wind that came in so gently was laden with the breath of flowers. Hildred looked at her husband, and then, half kneeling, she took up her station by the side of his chair. What it cost her to make that advance no one but herself knew. Her face flushed, her heart beat. It seemed to her a bold step. If Lord Caraven felt any surprise, he was very careful not to show it.

"Your ancestors were such noble men," she said. "I had no ancestors, yet I would never do a mean action. Where do my instincts of nobility come from? And you, Lord Caraven—you call yourself an unworthy descendant of these great men. Why?"

"That is a troublesome question," he replied, with a smile; "and the answer would have but little interest for you."

"Everything that concerns you interests me," she rejoined quickly. "Why should it not?"

"I have not been so kind to you, Hildred," he said, "that you should feel interested in me."

"Perhaps we have both made mistakes," she returned. "I think I can guess what you would say. You mean that you have done nothing great and glorious."

"It may be so," said the Earl. She looked up at him, with all her heart in her eyes.

"There is one thing to be said," she remarked. "You may not have done any brilliant deeds, but you have never done a mean one."

"I hope not," he replied.

"Nor," she continued quickly, "would you allow a mean or unjust deed to be done in your name—would you?"

"No," he answered, so decidedly that she was filled with great content.

She ventured on a further liberty, one that touched him. She laid her hand on his.

"I knew it," she said, "I was sure of it. I knew that you might seem indolent, that you might be unfairly influenced, that you might, perhaps, at times be misled, but I felt quite sure that it was against your code of honor, against your wish and will, against your ideas of right."

"What is against them, Hildred?" he asked.

She was silent for a few minutes, and then she laid her hand more tenderly upon his.

"Thank you," she said, "for letting me speak to you. I was half afraid at first, but now you give me courage."

Her sweet humility disarmed him. If she had been proud, haughty, or petulant, there would have been little chance to plead her case. Her gentleness touched him. For the first time in his life he took her hands and clasped them in his own.

"Do not be afraid of speaking to me, Hildred," he said.

She had so much at stake that she trembled. He saw her beautiful face grow pale and her lips tremble.

"Hildred," he said gently, "you pain me. What is it you would say? Speak to me without fear."

Then she took courage. She raised her eyes to his.

"I know of a great act of injustice that is being done in your name, Lord Caraven;" and, in her forcible, eloquent language, she told him the whole story. He listened in silence.

"Do you assure me Hildred," he said at last, "that this is true?"

"It is perfectly true," she replied.

"That Blantyre has taken that bribe, and has refused, in my name, to renew Moore's lease?"

"Yes, he has done that."

"Then," said the Earl, with unusual decision, "his reign will be a short one. He told me that Moore was letting the land go to ruin—that the farm was not bringing in half what it could be made to bring—that ——. Well, I have not patience to repeat all he said. If this be true, he has deceived me—and, by my earldom, I vow he shall not deceive me twice!"

She had hardly dared to hope for such ready answer—such hopeful response.

"Will you listen to me," she said, "while I tell you more?"

"Yes, I will listen," replied the Earl, with gloomy face.

She did not spare him. She told him how his estate was worse cared for and more mismanaged than any other in England—how the poor cried out for help and did not receive it, the sick and sorrowful for relief, and did not get it—how the wretched homes caused fever and rheumatism and a host of miseries—how the laborers on his estate were worse paid, worse lodged, and worse fed than on any other—how the tenants were more heavily burdened—how his name was spoken with curses, not blessings.

He listened without reply, but she saw that his face had grown very pale, and that his lips trembled. She spoke with passionate earnestness; there should be no mistake about the matter—he must thoroughly understand.

"All this," he said, "while I have been sleeping here! Hildred, I will see for myself what is the truth. I will trust to no one's opinion—I will go over to Bromhill. Will you ride over with me?"

She looked at the broad, golden beams of the sun.

"It is so warm," she said, "you will not care to go out."

"Warm?" he repeated, almost wrathfully. "What matters a little heat when so much is at stake?"

Then he looked quickly at her.

"If it is too warm for you," he said, "I will go alone."

She sprang to her feet with a glad light in her eyes.

"No," she replied, "it is never too warm for me. I love the sun. Let me go with you, Lord Caraven."

"Will you ride or drive?" he asked.

"I will ride," she replied, having heard him say that morning that he would rather ride ten miles than drive one.

He looked pleased.

"I will see for myself," he repeated. "Do they think that I am so blind as to be hoodwinked with false stories?"

"No, but they have believed you too indolent even to care whether the stories were true or not," said Hildred.

There was some little surprise even amongst the servants at seeing the young Earl and Countess ride off alone. What did it mean? Were better times really coming?

Sir Raoul watched them start; he said to himself, as he looked after them:

"The greatest gift of Heaven to men is surely the noble influence of a noble woman."

The Earl would see for himself—and he did see. It seemed to him that he must have been asleep for years. Where were the smiles of welcome that years ago used to greet him? Now laborers passed him with sullen face, with a touch of the cap, and a muttered curse. He saw the wretched tenements where disease reigned triumphant—he saw mothers whose children had died for want of nourishing food—he saw strong men whose just condemnation of him was written in their averted eyes and closed lips. He saw that for him there was no affection, little respect; yet he was lord of the soil—in some fashion, master of the destinies of these people.

He rode in silence—silence that his young wife did not care to break, for she saw that he was aroused at last. They went to Bromhill, and there the Earl saw matters for himself. There was little need for words to tell him how the prestige of the old name had sunk. Those honest yeomen, the Moores, whose forefathers had served his ancestors so gallantly and well, had no smiles, no welcome for him; they were sturdily respectful, they said little—the old man who had pleaded so passionately to Hildred, least of all. But the young, indolent, pleasure-loving Earl, shrank before the calm, stern faces; he knew that he was in the wrong.

Nevertheless, if they were stern and cold in their reception of the Earl, they had a warm welcome for his beautiful young wife. She had not ignored centuries of service; she had not broken the bonds between master and servant; she had not left the best interests of their lives to Blantyre. They crowded round her—even the little children came to give her the flowers they had gathered, and to look at the pleasant, shining face. There was a court of inquiry held within the old farm walls; the Earl listened attentively to the old man and his sons, then he looked gravely at them.

"You have done well to speak out boldly," he said. "I could as soon imagine Ravensmere without a Caraven, as Bromhill without a Moore. You need not go to Blantyre again. I will sign the lease—and it shall be done at once."

He spoke only once on his way home, and then it was to say to his wife:

"I have done justice there; and, if I can, I will do justice whenever it is needed." And, as they rode on through the sunlight, she told him Heaven would bless him for it.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

Lady Caraven was pleased as she dressed for dinner. She recalled the happy face, the grateful words that she had seen and heard but a few hours before at Bromhill; it was worth living for, this power of doing good. She had seen something in her husband's face that day which had surprised her, something that drove away the indolent, easy expression. Was the sleeping lion roused at last? Had her passionate words, her keen indignation moved him? Had he grown ashamed of his indolence? Had he tired of his pleasures?

Sitting opposite to him at dinner-time, she looked at him attentively. Certainly there was a change in his face. It was brighter, keener, more on the alert; the eyes were full of light; he seemed interested in what was going on. Once during dinner she met Sir Raoul's glance, and it was full of pleased surprise.

"Now is my time," thought Hildred—"now I may secure what I want."

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, she made herself most fascinating and charming. She sang, she talked; the whole party thought her exceedingly entertaining. It was when her husband was looking most pleased, and listening to her with real interest that she went up to him.

"I have a little favor to ask of you," she said. "Will you give me five minutes of your time this evening?"

His look was one of pleased, bright expectation.

"Assuredly, Hildred—as long as you like. I am beginning to think that my interviews with you are welcome ones."

So when most of the visitors had gone to their respective rooms the Earl lingered. It was something novel to him, this appointment with his own wife—something piquant. He waited for her in the drawing-room, where the blinds were still undrawn, and through the windows of which a lovely moon was shedding floods of silvery light.

He sat down thoughtfully, looking at the sky; he could hear the faint click of the billiard-balls, he knew that many a merry jest was passing in the smoking-room. But in some vague fashion—he could hardly understand why—he felt tired of all such pastime. His wife's earnest face rose up before him; again he seemed to hear her pleading, passionate words. Her own expression haunted him—"a wasted life." Was his life indeed wasted? Young, handsome, talented, did he live in vain?

One little circumstance had touched him to the very core of his heart. He had said that he would see for himself the state of Bromhill Farm, whether it was really in the desolate condition Blantyre had represented. He walked over the ground alone. Near a gate that led into a wheat-field he saw two little girls, evidently grandchildren of the old farmer, sitting under a hedge.

"Who is that man?" one asked the other.

The elder girl looked at him half shyly, but he affected not to see or hear them.

"Hush, Bessie," she said—"do not speak so loudly. That is the Earl from the Castle, who says that grandpa must leave the farm."

The younger one, with dire hatred in her face, stooped down and picked up a pebble.

"Shall I throw a stone at him?" she asked; and the elder sister, with a horrified expression answered "No."

It was but a slight circumstance, yet the Earl had been deeply pained by it. He could just remember that when the late Earl—his father—went amongst his tenants it was with the air of one making a royal progress; that he was followed by blessings; that the little ones laughed aloud as he threw handfuls of small silver amongst them. How different was his own case! A child had taken up a stone to fling it at him! The contrast was great, almost pitiful. Did he deserve such a reception? He could see the childish face dark with anger, the pink dimpled hand grasping the stone. Something must be vitally wrong when even the children were ready to stone him.

He sighed uneasily. He had led a very pleasant life. Getting through a large fortune had been a pleasant occupation. He had enjoyed his gaming, his betting, his racing, his indolence. But now something else was stirring within him. Could it be regret or remorse, or was it simply that he was tired and out of spirits?

Presently the door opened and his wife came in. She had removed the jewels from her hair and her breast; her lovely face shone with a new light; her rich dress, her dark hair, made her a most attractive picture. She went up to him.

"You are very kind to wait, Lord Caraven," she said. "I could not get away before. Lady Damers insisted on my going to her room to see an new-fashioned head-dress Worth has sent her. I could not get away. I am afraid you are tired."

"No," he replied; "I have been watching the moon, and thinking"—he did not tell her that his thoughts had been of the little child who wanted to stone him.

"I have come to ask a favor of you," said the young Countess—"a favor on which the whole of my life depends. In granting it you will make me happy; if you refuse it I shall be miserable."

"That shall not happen if I can prevent it," he answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

> "In primus hominis est propria
> Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
> CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

## U.

#### UMBRELLAS.

The original introducer of the umbrella into England, was Jonas Hanway, in the reign of George II., who had been a great traveler, and had found the use of them in eastern climes. On his first carrying one out he was very much quizzed, but their general utility brought them every day more and more into use, but were only known for many years in London and some of the principal towns. Their first construction was, as may naturally be supposed, a very rude one. He could remember some of them perfectly well; they were chiefly composed of oil cloth, the consequence of which was, that after a person had shut his umbrella, upon re-opening he frequently found a large rent in it. They afterwards underwent a series of improvements, and silk, calico and gingham were soon adopted. The Chinese ladies also used a kind of hand-screen to avoid the sun's rays which was also introduced to the ladies of England and adopted; the screens were superceded by Spanish fans of large dimensions, which he could also remember, and were followed by parasols, improved time after time, and now the umbrella is used by every grade in society.

#### UNCLE SAM.

Watson, in his Annals—a work reflecting the highest credit on our national literature, and yet scarcely known to the reading public—gives the following version of the origin of the term "Uncle Sam:" "The name grew out of the letters E. A.—U. S., marked upon the army provisions, barrelled up at Troy, for the contractor, Elbert Anderson, and implied the initials of his name, and U. S. for the United States. It happened that these provisions were inspected there by Samuel Wilson, usually called among his hired men, 'Uncle Sam.' One of his workmen, on being asked the meaning of the letters E. A.—U. S., replied, archly, it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam—(Wilson.) The joke went round merrily among the men, some of whom afterwards going to the frontiers, and there partaking of the very provisions they had assisted to pack and mark, still adhered to calling it Uncle Sam; and as everything else of the army appointments bore also the letters U. S., Uncle Sam became a ready name, first for all that appertained to the United States, and finally for the United States itself—a cognomen which is likely to be perpetuated, as that of John Bull for Old England.

#### UNDER THE ROSE.

The very common phrase, "under the rose," has been referred to two or three sources. The rose, a symbol of silence, gave rise to the phrase, "under the rose," from the circumstance of the Pope's presenting consecrated roses, which were placed over confessionals to denote secrecy, whilst others contend that the old Greek custom of suspending a rose over the guest table was employed as an emblem that the conversation should not be repeated elsewhere. Whichever was the true origin, whether Christian or Pagan, it is evident that both regarded the rose as an emblem of secrecy; and in the same sense, but less studiously followed, we are supposed to regard the same flower, whenever we pick up a stray scrap or scandal "under the rose." According to mythological fable, a rose was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe.

> "——and if this make us speak,
> Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the rose
> Forgotten."—*Beggars' Bush, Act* II, *s.* 3.

#### USURY—USURER.

One who demands and takes interest (excessive interest) for the use on loan of money. Usury can be traced to no definite period of time. It is, however, a part and portion of that evil of man's nature which engenders crime, and may, with propriety, be traced to the root of all evil—money.

Chaucer, thus speaking of an usurer:

> "For an "usurere," so God me s'e
> Shall never for richesse rich be,
> But ever more poore and indigent
> Scarse and greedy in his entent."

"I refer me to your "usurious" cannibals, or such like."—*Ben Jonson.*

#### WEDDING-RINGS, FINGER RINGS, ETC.

The use of the wedding-ring may be traced to the Egyptians, who placed it as we do, on the front finger of the left hand, because they believed the vein or nerve of that finger ran directly from the finger to the heart. The Greeks and Romans adopted their belief, and followed their example. The Jewish wives wore it on the index, or fore finger. Christian usages have been various in this respect. In the early Greek church, the ring was worn on the right hand by both husband and wife; and in some churches in the north of Europe, it was put upon several fingers successively, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—being finally left upon the fourth.

The "matrimonial ring," so called, according to Livinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with adamant; the metal, hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract. "Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what metal the ring be of. The form of it being round, and without end, doth import that their love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which this ring is to be worn, is the fourth finger on the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart."

Wheatley, on the authority of old missals also calls it a vein. "It is," he says, "because from thence there proceeds a particular vein to the heart." This is now contradicted by experience; but several eminent physicians, as well as divines; authors, etc., were formerly of this opinion, and therefore thought this finger the properest to bear the pledge of love, "that from thence it might be conveyed to the heart."

Levinus Lemnius, speaking of the ring-finger, says, "that a small branch of the artery, and not of the nerves, as Gellius thought, is stretched forth from the heart unto the finger, the motion whereof you may perceive evidently in all that effects the heart in women by the touch of your fore-finger. I used, to raise such as are fallen in a swoon by pinching the joint, and by rubbing the gold with a little saffron, for, by this, a restoring force that is in it passeth to the heart, and refresheth the fountain of life, unto which this finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold."

The finger was called Medicus, and physicians accordingly were wont to wear a gold ring on it, with which they stirred up their medicaments and potions, under the belief that no venom could attach to it (the ring), although it would offend the naked finger, and through it communicate poison to the heart, and so cause death. There is an old superstition attached to the ring, which says, "As your wedding-ring wears, your cares will wear away."

The wedding-ring in the time of George the First, though placed, in the ceremony of marriage, upon the fourth finger, was worn upon the thumb.

While upon the subject of rings, the following, taken from the *Welcome Visitor*, may not prove uninteresting to our readers:

"It used to be said that the physician was nothing without his ring. It was necessary that he should at least look old enough to be wise. So Hippocrates said of old, that a doctor without a ring was a medical man who did not know the decency required by his profession.

These ancient slayers of men used to smell at their rings, as their successors in deadly exploits were wont, in consultation, to put the heads of their clouded canes to their noses. It has been supposed that rings and heads of canes may have contained some aromatic water, or preservative essence, but the fact has never been certainly shown by any data in existence.

It is certain, however, that the medical men of old had more conceits touching the stones worn in their rings, than any other class of men—sages or sciolists.

Thus, Cardan wore the jacinth or hyacinth to procure sleep.

Aristotle accounted the amethyst as good against vapors, or what we now call "the blues."

The emerald lost its beauty on an unclean person.

The topaz was accounted calming—and in proof of it, reference was made to its power of "astonishing boiling water into coldness," which must have been highly satisfactory!

Silly as are these conceits of ancient *wise* men, they are nothing compared with the rather blasphemous assertion of St. Jerome, that "the sapphire assuageth the wrath of God."

The illustrious Albertus Magnus entertained an equally ridiculous idea of the virtues of the opal. Says he, "The opal has the power to help a man to make himself *invisible!*" Were this the fact, what an invaluable stone would be the opal in society where bills become due oftener than the silly acceptors find convenient! Could many people wear opals of such virtue, the constables would *find* their customers, when wanted "*nowheres.*" The best *opal*, however, we opine, is the jewel of honesty.

The torquoise was alleged to "possess the virtue of appeasing discord between man and wife." We have great faith in this idea, for the condition imposed was that man nor wife should be anxious about "having the *last* word!" If the torquoise be capable of curbing the "unruly member," the jewelers would do a heavy business in selling them to numerous miserable "henpecked" husbands that we wot of in our blessed city of Quakerdom!

According to the ancient physicians, the only use of the diamond was to detect *infidelities!* Placed upon the head of a slumbering wife or husband, it would compel the sleeper to betray the secrets of the bosom. There was, accordingly, a very natural distrust of the diamond in ancient days. Its vocation is gone in these better organized times. At least, were it not so, we suppose diamonds would not so often pass as presents between lovers, married or unmarried.

Marcellus, who was the material physician of Marcus Aurelius, says, that a plain gold ring is a good *specific* for a pain in the side. With us, the diamond often cures a pain in the heart! In matrimony, especially, it is a *matter of money* that enhances love and ensures connubial felicity where nothing else would, in our day of heartless insincerity and lack of good faith between wedded men and women.

The olden British kings used to bless *cramp* rings, and physicians made profit by the sale of them. Till the era of the Stuarts, however, the regal spirit was not ambitious enough to aim at curing anything more than a spasm. It was left for the Stuarts to pretend to cure the "King's evil." Kings not only cured subjects, but subjects have professed to cure queens! The Lord Chancellor Hatton sent a ring to Queen Elizabeth that he protested had the power to guard her from infectious air. All she was required to do was to wear the ring in her "*naked* bosom," and she was safe from small-pox, or any other disease, or even pestilence itself!

However disposed we may be, in our "enlightened day," to laugh at the absurd notions and superstitions of past ages, we are far from having perfect ideas on the value and efficacy of rings. We cling to the wedding-ring, for instance, but rarely think of its true signification as an emblem of the union of fond and loving hearts in an endless *circle* of joy and peace."

#### WE—THE TERM.

The plural style of speaking (we) among kings was begun in England by King John, A. D., 1119. Before that time sovereigns used the singular person in their edicts. The German and the French sovereign followed the example of King John in 1200.

When the press became popular, and the pen mightier than crowned heads, editors assumed a royal prerogative, and used the plural "we" in their writings.

#### WEATHERCOCKS.

Vanes on the tops of steeples were anciently in the form of a cock, (hence called weathercocks), and put up in papal times to remind the clergy of watchfulness.

#### WHAT IS BRED IN THE BONE, WILL NEVER BE OUT OF THE FLESH.

This proverb is applied to those who imitate some vice of their parents, and take great pains to perpetuate it. This proverb fully sustains that emphatic passage of Holy writ, which says, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children," etc.

#### WHEEDLE—ORIGIN OF.

There is some difficulty in ascertaining the etymology of this word. It is most probably derived from a German word, *wedeln*, which signifies properly the wagging of a dog's tail when he creeps and cringes; and hence the word in English, which means to coax, to flatter.

In another sense, according to Richardson, it is "to beg, to importune, to persuade, to cajole, to coax," in fact it is to *wheedle.*

Congreve used it thus: "I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I *wheedled* out of her," etc.

Rowe applies it to a female thus: "A laughing, toying, *wheedling*, whimpering she."

#### WHEN THE MAGGOT BITES,

is supposed to have originated from a frontispiece in an old book, representing a man writing at a table—a maggot on his forehead, and underneath the vignette these lines:

> "In his own defence the author writes,
> Because when the foul maggot bites,
> He ne'er can rest in quiet."

This was a very grand idea of the author, and no doubt gave rise to the phrase.

#### WHEN AT ROME DO AS THE ROMANS DO.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing, (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this: "When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done."—Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy.

Hence the origin of the phrase,

#### WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

The origin of this phrase dates back far beyond that guess to it by modern authorities. Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife.

"This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, 'Was she not chaste—was she not fair?' holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made; 'yes,' added he, 'none of you can tell where it pinches me.'"

#### WHIPPING THE APPLE TREES—CUSTOM OF.

In the parish of Warlington, in Surrey, the following custom existed a few years since; it referred to the rites performed in honor of Pomona:

[TO BE CONTINUED]

OUR
BOYS
&
GIRLS

# THE SEVEN RAVENS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY JULIA E. TORREY.

Long years ago, there lived a man named Steffen Ryssel, who was the master of a pleasant, happy home, and blessed with a good wife, and seven bright boys, yet he was not quite satisfied; something more was needed to make him feel perfect content; that something was the possession of a little daughter.

He so longed for one that during the day, back and forth in his brain would dance the thought: "If I only had a little daughter, I would ask for nothing more." Back and forth the wish danced, and never rested; never left him, till one night he dreamed one had come to gladden his heart. In the morning he dreaded to open his eyes, feeling that when he did so, the picture of the sweet girl-face, that floated like life before his closed eyes, would vanish; but, at last, with a long-drawn sigh, his eyes opened. Then what should he see, right before him, but a little baby-girl tucked in a willow-basket! Springing up, he cried: "Oh, my dream-child! my dream-child! you have come to me in a living, breathing form!" Just then his eyes rested on a piece of paper pinned to the basket, upon which was written: "A present from the fairy, Wish-Granter, to Steffen Ryssel."

The bewildered man gazed for some time at his precious present, then called his boys to see it. Great was their wonder and admiration, for the babe was beautiful, but very small and frail.

On account of its seemingly slender hold on life, the parents decided to have it baptized at once, so the father handed one of the boys the silver christening bowl, and told him to go to the well and fill it with water.

The child, followed by the other six, took the bowl and started off. When they reached the well, all wanted to draw the water; so, with words like these: "I'll fill the bowl, not you," they all attempted to seize it, but in their struggles, the bowl fell with a heavy splash, and sank deep down in the well.

With a look of startled surprise, the brothers leaned over the edge, and peered down, but the bowl was out of sight, and far beyond their reach. They then glanced towards the house, with one accord, whispering:

"I dare not go home."

The father waited impatiently for the return of the youths; and, as they did not come, he feared during the delay in the baptism the baby would die. He could not imagine what kept his sons so long. "Surely," said he, "they have not forgotten it, and gone off to play?"

As the minutes rounded into a full half-hour, and still they did not appear, he cried out in a passion:

"Those lazy boys! I wish they would all turn to ravens!"

Scarcely were the words uttered before he heard a buzzing in the air above his head, and, looking up, he saw seven coal-black ravens flying about him, for he instantly felt that his angry wish had been granted.

With clasped hands, with eyes filled with the agony that was torturing his soul, he cried in an anguish-laden voice: "Oh, my merry boys! come back, come back to me! Feathers! feathers! change into hair! Eyes so fierce, soften into those of my boys! Bird shape! bird shape! depart, and leave my boys in your stead!"

Then he waited; his heart almost ceasing to beat so great was his suspense, but the ravens flew on, on, on, and the father stood watching them, till only seven small specks were visible.

With bowed head and crushed heart, Steffen Ryssel entered the house and told the mother what had happened. Her grief was pitiful to see; when it had somewhat subsided, they knelt down together and prayed:

"O, Father! if Thou deemeth the anguish we now are feeling, sufficient punishment, then we pray Thee send our boys back to us, but if Thou thinketh it best to keep them, as birds of the air, free from sin, then comfort us, and help us to bear this heavy affliction—help us to be strong. We thank Thee, oh, Father, that Thou careth for the birds in the air. So wilt Thou care, and watch over the seven ravens, whose souls are immortal. Peace has now come into our hearts, and we say: Thy will be done, in the lands, in the sea, and in the air, and in the Great Eternity. Amen!"

One could see when they arose that they felt more resigned, and were determined to bear their trouble with cheerfulness.

The days passed on, and the little daughter Elsie—for so was she called—comforted their hearts. Contrary to their expectations she grew strong, and each day became more beautiful.

Elsie did not know, for a long time, that she had had brothers, for the parents had concealed that fact from her. But one day it chanced that she heard two persons talk of her.

"How beautiful the girl is!" one said.

"Yes, but if she had never been brought into the world, her seven brothers would not have been doomed to such a terrible fate," said the other.

"That's true," replied the first, "poor, poor boys."

They now began to talk of other things; so as Elsie could hear no more, greatly disturbed, she hastened home, and startled her parents by asking:

"Papa, mamma! have I ever had any brothers? I have just heard two persons in the village talking of me and my brothers! So tell me please, what has become of them?"

The parents could keep the secret no longer, so they answered:

"It was Heaven's will that when you came to us your seven lively brothers were changed into ravens. It was a hard fate; but rest content, little daughter, and do not worry about this—it will do no good."

But the girl thought daily of her raven brothers. Feeling that she *must* rescue them, she enjoyed neither peace nor rest, till she determined—cost what it might to search over the world, trace out her brothers, and liberate them.

She, therefore, started out, taking nothing with her but a little ring, which her mother had given her for luck, a loaf of bread for her hunger, a little pitcher of water to quench her thirst, and a little stool to rest upon when weary.

First she turned her steps to the east, journeying for miles and miles till she came to the sun, but he looked at her fiercely, and as his breath came pouring down upon her, it felt so hot and scorching, that she could not endure it, so she ran quickly away, going towards the West. Her feet flew swiftly on, till she came to the Moon; but this was such a cold place it made her shiver; and the Man in the Moon looked dark, scowling and wicked; when he noticed the little girl, his great mouth opened, and with a voice like thunder he roared:

"I smell mortal flesh!"

Terribly frightened the poor child turned quickly away, running towards the North. On, on she sped till she came to the Stars. This time she was greeted in a friendly manner, for all the stars smiled tenderly down upon her. Quite satisfied with their welcome, Elsie seated herself upon her little stool, for she felt very tired.

Looking upward the North Star appeared so much brighter than all the rest that she could not take her eyes from it.

Soon, from this star, something white came dropping down and lighted at her feet; at the same moment she heard a silvery voice say:

"I am the Guiding Star and send you this magic bone; take it to the Glass Mountain, at the South; unlock with it the castle gate, enter therein, and you will find your brothers."

"O Guiding Star of the silvery voice," exclaimed Elsie, "accept my thanks, my father's, my mother's, and my brothers'. We all will ever praise thee, and be guided by thee."

Then carefully raising the magic bone, she tied it securely in her handkerchief, placed it in her pocket, and resumed her journey, going south as the star had bidden.

She went onward for a long time, till she came to the Glass Mountain. The castle gate being locked Elsie sought for the magic bone, but to her astonishment the handkerchief was empty. The present the good star had given her had been lost.

"What shall I do?" she cried, "here I am close by my brothers, yet so far from reaching them, for the gate is locked and the magic bone *gone*."

Suddenly she cried out:

"O, Guiding Star, of the silvery voice, tell me what to do!"

Immediately she heard the wee voice answer:

"Something small enough to insert in the lock will cause the door to open."

How eagerly the little girl went searching for something so small. But as she could find nothing but large stones, she sat down with a little cry of disappointment. Shortly after this, as her eye happened to glance at her hand, she jumped up with:

"Oh! I know!" and tried to force her little finger in the lock, but it was too large.

"This will never do!" cried she. "Little finger you must open this." While talking she slipped her hand in her pocket, drew out a knife, opened it, and said:

"It will hurt me, I know, but not so much as to have my dear brothers kept ravens always; so be brave, Elsie."

She bravely cut her finger until it was sufficiently small, then inserted the poor, bleeding little thing in the lock. As if charmed by this proof of sister-love, the gate flew quickly open and Elsie entered.

A little dwarf stepped briskly towards her, bowed low, and asked:

"Fair child, what do you seek?"

"I seek my brothers, the Seven Ravens," answered she.

The dwarf replied:

"The Royal Ravens are not at home, but if you would like to wait till they return, step in."

Elsie did so; then the dwarf invited her to partake of the Ravens' meal, which was already prepared. Thanking him, Elsie ate a little from each little plate, and sipped a little from each little cup; in the last cup she dropped the lucky ring she had brought with her.

After a while she heard buzzing, croaking sounds in the air; then the little dwarf said:

"The Royal Ravens are now flying home."

When they entered and sought their food, each said to the other:

"Who has been eating off my little plate, and drinking out of my little cup? Mouth of mortal has tasted this."

Giving vent to a dissatisfied croak, they bent their heads and pecked their food in silence; till the seventh, in emptying his cup, struck his beak against the ring. Then he saw it, and recognizing it as a ring belonging to his mother, he exclaimed:

"God grant that our little sister may be here to rescue us!"

As the maiden, who had stood listening behind the door, heard this wish, she stepped before them. Immediately thereupon the Seven Ravens regained their mortal forms; hugged and kissed Elsie and each other, then joyfully started home.

Great was the rejoicing in Steffen Ryssel's home when Elsie returned with her seven brothers; and the gladness was not confined to that home alone, for the whole village joined in expressing their joy at this wonderful deliverance.

Since his sons had been turned to ravens, Steffen Ryssel never expressed a wish, except of a good, pure and elevating nature. He had also, in gilt letters, an arched ornament over the door, which read thus:

"Let not thy angry passions rise."

## WILLS.

Among the most ancient usages we have connected with the regulation of property, are wills. They are of very high antiquity, being mentioned in the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis. Solon introduced them at Athens 578 B. C. In the Koran they are spoken of, and they were in use among the Romans and the ancient Mexicans. Thus in three parts of the globe they have had an ancient existence. Thebatius Tester, a civilian, was the first person who introduced codicils to wills at Rome, 31 B. C. The power of bequeathing lands by the last will and testament of the owner was confirmed to English subjects by Henry I. in 1100. The first will of a sovereign on record is that of Edward the Confessor, in 1066. All previous statutes regulating the wills and testaments of British subjects were repealed in 1737, and the laws in relation to wills thereby amended. The present probate court was established in 1857, and an office for the reception of the wills of living persons was opened in January, 1861. By the act of 1737, the testator must be above twenty-one years of age, and neither a lunatic nor an idiot, nor deaf and dumb, nor drunk at the time of signing, nor an outlaw, nor an unpardoned felon. All kinds of property may be devised. The will must be written legibly and intelligibly, and signed by the testator or by his direction, in the presence of two or more witnesses, who must also sign in his presence and in the presence of each other. A married woman may bequeath only her pin-money, or separate maintenance, without the consent of her husband.

# Sunshine Bessie.

BY BATHINIA BLOSSOM.

Bessie Warton is a pretty little girl, who flits about in her home-nest, chirping and cooing like a happy young birdling. It is a regular nightingale's nest into which this little girl-bird nestles. Her mamma is a plain little woman, and lives in a plain little house; yet it is only the framework of the mamma and the house that is so plain. If you could take a peep within the walls of the house, 'twould be like seeing the music and beauty that lie embedded in the throat of the nightingale, the mamma being that music, for her life is a song, and the house, the mirror that reflects that life, is like the echo of a song, full of soft touches and beauty. And this is the home that Bessie found when she came from Heaven on a sunbeam eight years ago.

Doesn't she look even now, plump and rosy and big as she is, as if she could be caught up in a sunbeam, carried through a window, and make hearts beat glad at her coming?

That is what happens to her almost every day, the only difference being that the door opens, in dances Bessie, and then even the room itself lights up, to say nothing of the faces which are warmer and beautified by the touch of this living sunshine.

Bessie is like a silver polish that brightens and purifies everything that it touches. She rubs the dirt out of hearts and the bad out of mouths. Her very presence is like a fresh breeze, that brings the sweets and blows away the evil. Hear her now; is it a voice, or is it the music of fairy bells?

"Mamma dear, may I go with Hattie and Charlie to get some pretty wild flowers? Charlie says they are looking all around for some one to pick 'em."

"May you go, my sweet pansy-faced darling? Yes, but don't cross the creek, dear; the plank is so narrow and the water so deep, my little pet must not venture over. She will not?"

"No, mamma. I'll bring you home ever so many flowers. Good bye!" Then up went the rosy lips for the mother-kiss. The next instant she was with Hattie and Charlie, who were waiting for her at the gate.

"Won't we have a jolly time, girls?" exclaimed Charlie. "I hope the flowers will be expecting us, and all come out for our greeting. It will be one big pull, if they do. Heigh-ho! Let's run and see who comes out ahead. One—two—three!"

Off they flew like shooting stars, so swiftly did they run, and so soon were they out of sight, hidden among the trees and down among the blossoms.

With many "Oh! oh! oh's!" their little fingers were busy gathering the pretty flowers, while their merry, happy laughter was as fragrant with sweets as were the flowers with perfume.

At last they heard a strange sound, as of rough men in dispute. Looking in the direction from whence the voices came, Charlie saw two men quarreling over a bottle. As they approached nearer and nearer the spot where the children were, Charlie spoke bravely, in a half whisper:

"Bessie! Hattie! take for the plank, quick! Hide back of the big rock, and I'll stand guard!"

Hattie flew across in a flash, but Bessie looked up with a smile and said:

"I couldn't do that. I promised mamma not to cross; and, besides, they won't hurt us; nobody ever hurts *me*," and she laughed a little silvery laugh, as if the thought amused her.

Then seeing the men very near, and noticing how wretched and poor they looked, she danced out toward them, exclaiming:

"Oh, let me take that bottle and fill it with water, and put a lovely bunch of flowers in the top, for you to look at and smell, for they are so sweet and pretty. I'm sure you'd like to carry them home."

The surprise and wonder of these men were so great that, in the bewildered condition of their minds, they gazed at Bessie in great fear, and one asked, in husky tones:

"Are you an angel?"

"Why," cried Bessie in amazed surprise, "I'm my mamma's own little girl, and I'm getting these flowers for her; and Charlie's got some too, for his mamma."

Trembling, as if shaken by a great woe, the man holding the bottle exclaimed:

"Once *I* was a little boy—a good little boy."

Then, turning the bottle upside down, he said:

"Little girl, make this pure and clean and sweet, and, the Merciful Father helping me, it shall never be my curse again!"

"You're a—" began the other, roughly, when Bessie, looking up at him timidly, exclaimed:

"You've no bottle, so I'll just make you a dear *weenty* bunch, and pin it on your coat."

"Child! child!" growled the man, so savagely that Bessie was startled into trembling a little, "you don't know what you say! Your dainty fingers touch *this*!"

"Why," smiled Bessie brightly, "I've dug in real dirt, that can't be washed, and this wouldn't be so bad, if it"—hesitating a little—"was only washed and cleaned."

"Washed and cleaned!" repeated the man in a dreamy kind of a way; "do you think" (his face lighting up with hope) "do you think I can be washed and cleaned?"

"What a question!" rippled out the innocent child-heart; "why, you are not all dirt. There is a good deal of white to you. I can see it"—with a gleeful laugh—"peeping through the black."

"An angel! Yes," he cried, "and, Father in Heaven, my prophetess too!"

Going to the creek, he washed his face and a spot on his coat, "so the flowers will not shrink from me," he said. Then sitting down on a log, he watched Bessie as she put the flowers together, and when she pinned them on his coat the tears came and dropped like rain on the pure little hand.

The other, waiting for his turn, stood by with the bottle, which Bessie took, exclaiming:

"How horrid it smells! And I've drowned it in water too! Never mind; the flowers will choke up the neck of the bottle, and then the smell can't come out, and you'll think of nothing but the sweet flowers, won't you?"

"I'll think of them, and learn of them that as sure as water revives a drooping flower, so shall it refresh and renew this bruised and broken man."

Then as they moved slowly and thoughtfully onward, each with his flower-pledge, these men, led by a little child out of the darkness into the light, turned and reverently, solemnly cried out: "Heaven bless 'mamma's own little girl!'"

Charlie, who had been looking on in silent wonder all the time, now burst out:

"Bessie, what are you, anyway? What's in you that works a fellow up so, as it did those men?"

"I guess it is only me," answered Bessie, whose eyes shone with a bright, glad light.

Calling Hattie, they started homeward, and reached there just in time, and just hungry enough, to enjoy a good hearty supper.

Bessie, full of excitement, told her mamma all about the strange men. Folding her little girl, flowers and all, close to her heart, with head bending lower and lower over them in silent reverence, as if receiving a benediction, Mrs. Warton's lips moved and words full of thankful joy were wafted Heavenward:

"Dear Father, keep my little girl always with the flowers, blooming as the rose, pure as the lily, modest as the violet, and as full of hope as our orchard trees in their blooming!"

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—It is said that at the present rate of destruction in the forests of this country, in another century or two wood will be almost of the value of gold. Who knows that it is not an intuitive knowledge of this great truth which is at the base of the tramp's objection to splitting some wood in return for his breakfast? He perhaps does not wish even in a measure to be responsible for such a terrible disaster.

* * *

—A little learning is certainly sometimes a dangerous thing. If the goat that has just butted over a baby carriage knew that his action illustrated one of the purest principles of active force—the great agent of material progress—the consciousness of possessing such knowledge would so elate him that soon there would be a massacre of the innocents second only to that of Herod.

* * *

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### AN OLD SONG REVERSED.

"There are gains for all our losses,"
So I said when I was young,
If I sing that song again,
'Twould not be with that refrain,
Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope too with it;
Gone the strong desire for fame,
Laurels are not for the old
Take them lads; give Senex gold,
What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer,
One fair woman liked my looks;
Now that time has driven his plow
In deep furrows on my brow,
I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"
Grave beside the wintry sea,
Where my child is, and my heart—
For they would not live apart—
What has been your gain to me?

No; the words I sang were idle,
And will ever so remain:
Death, and age, and vanished youth,
All declare this bitter truth:
There's a loss for every gain!

# PHANTOMS,

# OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

## VII.

Henry felt a keen thrill of pain at this sinister announcement, for his mind instantly reverted to Louis and the possibility of his murder.

He tried to appear as calm as he could under the circumstances, but he was rather stupefied than excited. He said to Roop: "Let me see the body at once—now."

"Sh!" whispered the watchman. "Don't let the gals hear you."

"Let me see the body, I tell you!"

"Wait a bit, sir. I'll give you a sign after a while to follow me. But mum's the word now."

Miranda, who was as vigilant, penetrative and curious as ever, came over and joined them, saying:

"What's the matter now? Have you found out anything?"

"No, miss," replied Roop, "but we will shortly."

"Why are we waiting so long? Why if nothing done?" she demanded.

"My dear Miss Clayborne," said Henry, "do not be rash. You and Esther are thoroughly exhausted. Now please go up to your room. Mr. Roop and I will see to the house. He will turn on the gas, and everything will be put to rights in short order."

"No, no!" exclaimed Miranda, with a tone of decision. "I am not sleepy. Excitement keeps me awake, and I am as brave, if not braver, than ever."

"Nor am I tired," added Esther. "And surely you would not want me to abandon my search for Louis!"

Henry gave a laugh, though he felt like anything but laughing at that moment.

"Oh, I forgot, sis. I forgot all about Louis. But, ha, ha! Suppose the cunning fellow has gone home to snooze, and given us the slip, eh?"

"Nonsense. Louis is in danger. I have a presentiment that he is, and I must find him."

Henry was burning to learn the mystery of the dead body in the passage. Question upon question arose in his mind as he stood there.

"Who can it be except Louis? Has there been foul play? What has it to do with the perplexing enigmas of this night? Is it the spirit of this dead man that is haunting us?"

Then the calm, unconcerned manner of the watchman both puzzled and vexed him.

"Now, ladies," said Mr. Roop, "let me say a word. Ef you want me to help you, you must let me have my way. I will have my way. Now, Miss Clayborne, you and the lady there go into the sitting-room, please."

"In the dark? How preposterous."

"Take a light."

"Why should we go there?"

"Why?—'Cause it might skeer ye worse if ye walked around with us, that's all."

"Very well, then," replied Miranda, "but it strikes me we had better remain where we are, under the protection of Mr. Tinkle."

The policeman made a bow.

"Good!" cried the watchman.

"Stay here, but don't stir from this place. Sit down on the stairs. Keep yourselves company."

Then Roop went over to the policeman, and said in a low tone:

"Say, don't let the gals see that thing there, Mart," nodding his head slightly in the direction of the passage-way, "it's only a dead man with an ugly bullet hole in his head—that's all, but it might skeer 'em."

"You won't leave us in the dark," supplicated Miranda.

"No, no," retorted Henry. "I'll go down and turn on the gas. The fault of the meter may possibly be not want of water, but want of gas. In the meantime we might get another light somewhere. A lamp, or something of that sort."

"I have it," ejaculated Miranda, rising from the stair where she had been seated. "There's an oil lamp in the pantry, there. I know exactly where to find it. In the corner of the pantry. I'll get it immediately," she continued. "Mary filled it this morning, I remember."

Henry saw that she must not go *there*, of all the places in the house, at that dread moment especially. What if she should see this new horror?

He stepped forward, and said:

"Allow me, Miss Clayborne, Miranda—let me get it."

"No, no, I tell you I'm master here," Roop interrupted; "I'll fetch the lamp in a twinkle."

The watchman waved his hand, and moved toward the pantry, taking the candle with him.

Miranda stood looking after him. She had escaped a terrible shock.

Roop, on his way to the pantry, touched Henry on the arm, and gave the policeman a wink, and the three went into the passage.

"Dash that dog," said the watchman, as the mastiff ran up into the passage and began snuffing at the body, and moaning. "Keep him off!"

Henry gave a glance at the corpse, and was relieved to find that it was not Louis. But the sight quite unnerved him, and he returned at once, with quite a pallor on his countenance, to join Miranda and Esther.

The policeman was also much troubled at the spectacle of the ghastly body, with his head lying in a pool of blood—it's features clotted with gore, and a hideous wound in the forehead.

"Don't get skeery, Mart," said Roop, seeing the policeman loiter behind him.

"It's nothing. He won't hurt you!"

He touched the body with the toe of his boot. "But it won't do to let the gals see this," he continued—"not much."

"Do you know who it is?" inquired Tinkle.

"Dash me ef I do, but I have my 'spicions. A case for the Coroner, likely. Let's find that lamp, though."

"Say, Mart," he whispered, as he opened the pantry door. "We might get him into the pantry. Jist till the gals goes up stairs, eh?"

"I don't know," replied Tinkle, shrinking back, "but I ain't a goin' to touch him. No sir."

"You ain't hey? What's up? What's a dead man, anyhow? Ain't two live men a match for any old dead bummer? Say!"

"I ain't sure he's dead."

"How do you know yer alive yerself? Say, yer dashed old noodle? How do any of us know we're alive, say? What the dashednation is life, anyhow?"

This logical, metaphysical speech had the effect of making Mr. Tinkle only more obstinate.

He rejoined:

"Well, I ain't goin' to meddle with no dead corpse. There. Here, get the lamp quick—the gals is comin' this way."

All this time he was holding the dog back.

"I'll shove him in myself," said Roop; and, catching the body under the arms, he dragged it into the closet, secured the lamp, and closed the door just as Miranda, followed by Henry, who was anxiously endeavoring to keep her back, reached the passage, and exclaimed:

"Can't you find the lamp, Mr. Roop?"

"Ah, yes, yes, Miss. Here it be. I had a good hunt for it, though."

Miranda's quick perception saw a mystery somewhere, but she made no inquiries.

The lamp was lighted immediately, and the hallway began to look a little more cheerful.

Then Henry, without a word, caught up the candle and made a dive towards the dining-room.

"Where on earth are you going?" screamed Miranda.

"To the cellar, to turn on the gas."

"Goose! That's not the way, and don't you know that door is fast. The only way to get down is to go around the way you came, and go down the kitchen stairway!"

"I'll do so," replied Henry. "I forgot," and he opened the hall door and rushed out into the cold night air of the yard.

He returned in less than a minute, and slamming the door violently, cried out:

"Confound it! That door is locked!"

"What, the kitchen door?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is a most overwhelming night!" sighed Miranda.

"Mr. Roop, something must be done at once. There's an enemy in the house. We must vanquish it. See if you can't calm these turbulent spirits!

"We can't."

Teeth, the dog, who had been prowling around the vicinity of the passage-way, now began to bark loudly.

"Hello," said Roop, "something's up. What is it, Teeth! What is it?" asked his master.

The dog gave a loud bark, and sprang into the passage-way, and began pawing and snarling.

"What the deuce is the matter," cried Tinkle, running after him.

Miranda composedly said to Henry, "see what's the matter. We may now be at the end of our troubles, and trap the ghost. The dog has seen something. Look, it comes back growling. Something has scared it. Poor dog—poor dog. What was it? What was it?"

"I never knowed the dog to act that way before," said the master of the animal. "Somethin's skeert it. Catch 'em Teeth! Catch 'em! Hiss! hiss!"

But the dog sullenly refused to do anything but growl and snarl, and hold its tail close between its legs.

The watchman ran around the stairs, and examined every cranny of the passage with the candle.

Then he came to the foot of the staircase, and looked up to the landing. Then he ran up stairs, saying as he did so:

"I'll find out where to begin first. I'll git on the right track, and all that."

When he reached the landing, he whistled and called to the dog, "Here, Teeth, here!"

But the mastiff refused to budge. The creature was severely frightened. It refused to go into the darkness, even in the good company of a night watchman, and a candle.

"Dash the dog, Mart! what ails him?"

"He won't move. It's no use coaxing him."

The watchman, seeing the dog would not follow him, uttered a growl very canine in quality, and ascended a step or two higher, whence he peered up into the stairway beyond.

"Hello," he shouted suddenly, "here's fun. Mart, keep your eye skinned. I seed a ghost. Whew!" And he rushed up stairs as if the house were on fire, and he some devoted fireman bent on recovering his sleeping inamorata.

"Don't foller me!" he cried; "stay where you are. I'll call ef I want you."

"But I must follow," answered Henry.

"You had better not!" cried Miranda. "Stop—do not rush into danger!"

"I won't be long. I'll keep him in sight anyhow."

And he ran up to the landing and stopped and looked up.

There was no sign of the watchman—no sign of a light.

All was silence.

Henry ran up a flight further, and coming to the third-story landing, groped his way by the wall towards the bed-room.

In the meantime, down stairs, Miranda had turned to look for Esther, for she had been altogether forgotten in the flurry.

There she was sound asleep in one of the antique arm-chairs.

"Poor dear," said Miranda softly, "I'm glad she sleeps. She has had enough torture for one day."

It was evident that Miranda had suspicions of something mysterious in the pantry, for she kept looking in that direction, and at length took up the lamp, and walked over to the passage. Here she found the policeman reclining against the baluster.

"Is there anything the matter, ma'am?" he asked.

"No, no—I only thought that possibly I might find some clue to this strange carrying on, in the closet there. I am sure I heard a slight noise there. Do you know what frightened your dog?"

"Indeed I do not," said Tinkle leaping to his feet, and ready to prevent Miranda's further approach to the pantry.

Fortunately at this instant something happened which drew Miranda's attention away.

A voice was calling for Mart. There was a sound of confused scuffling in the upper chamber.

Miranda ran around to the stair-foot.

Mart dashed upstairs three steps at a time, but Teeth did not follow.

The dog only barked ferociously

Miranda, in the impetuous curiosity of the moment, made an attempt to follow the policeman, but her foot caught in her skirt, and she stumbled upon the stair, letting the lamp fall, and bringing utter darkness upon the hallway.

Then she distinguished the words, upstairs:

"There it is! Look out!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### CONVENT LIFE.

A writer in Lippincott's speaking of the various degrees of severity in convents in Italy says there are some exceptional houses, such as that of the Sepolte Vive, Buried Alive, where the rule is very austere. There is but one convent of this description in Rome, and I believe one or two in France. It is a noteworthy fact that most of the strictest observances of penance originated in France, and are continued there to this day. This convent of the Sepolte Vive is not formally sanctioned by the papal authority, but only *tolerated*. The nuns were forbidden more than ten years ago to admit any more novices, and although the individual zeal of those who started the order was not exactly censured, still a tacit intimation of its being considered excessive and imprudent was given by the highest ecclesiastical court. Among their customs (which much resemble those of the Trappist monks) these nuns have that of digging their own graves, and as the cemetery is small and included in the "enclosure" the oldest graves are opened after a period of forty or fifty years, and the crumbling contents ejected to make room for the lately deceased. The death of a nun's nearest relation, be it father, mother, brother or sister, is made known to the superior alone, who in her turn announces it, not to the bereaved one, but to the whole sisterhood, in this manner: They are all assembled in the community-room, and admonished to "pray for the soul of the father or mother" (as the case may be) "of one among their number." To the day of her death the nun never knows how near and dear by the ties of Nature may have been the soul for which she has prayed every day since the announcement was made. The Sepolte Vive, when found guilty of any breach of the rule, are labeled with a ticket attached to their habit, and on which their fault is written in large conspicuous letters—for instance, "Disobedience," "Curiosity," "Talkativeness"—and this they wear at their ordinary avocations for as many hours as the superioress commands. They never undress on going to bed, and wear the same habit winter and summer, the stuff being too hot for the one and too cold for the other; so that at all times the penance is the same. On the wrist many of them wear manacles that graze the skin and cause constant irritation at every turn of the hand; this is sometimes imposed as a penance, but very often is voluntarily inflicted on themselves by zealous members of the sisterhood. Before the prohibition to receive additional novices the sisterhood consisted of a fixed number, and when a vacancy occured by the death of one the place was filled by the first on the list of postulants. *This list was always a large one*, and generally contained many names belonging to the noblest families of Rome.

### INCOME OF A GERMAN PRINCE.

The Berliners complain of the stinginess of the Imperial Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and are specially hard on the latter. They accuse her of making a purse for her younger children, as if that was a crime, and tell how, at the seaside last year, she was content to take half a house. As a matter of fact their Highnesses are compelled to exercise the strictest economy, and it is immensely to their credit that they are able to make ends meet on resources so limited. People who sympathize with the Prince of Wales by reason of his restricted income, may be surprised to learn that the "appanage"—that is, the allowance from the State to the Imperial Crown Prince—is just £7,500 a year. The Crown Princess has from England an income of £6,000 a year, and the interest on her dowry of £30,000, say £1,500 a year more. So the income of the couple is a bare £15,000 a year, plus the little Schloss in Unter der Linden and the villa at Potsdam rent free, as also the right to give a certain number of dinners annually in the "White Schloss" at the charges of the Emperor.

That illustrious monarch has a civil list of about £600,000 per annum, and a private income from landed property of about £260,000 per annum more. He, however, makes no allowance to his son, the Crown Prince. The old gentleman does not believe in allowances. He is not stingy; Fritz can have what he wants if he wants to ask for it; only he must ask. Fritz has a spirit of his own, and for years after his marriage the modest *menage* of the heir apparent was maintained without indenting on the parental funds; but of late years the expense entailed by an increasing family has forced the Crown Prince to ask subsidies from his father. It is not generally known in this country that no Prince of the Prussian blood-royal draws the pay of any office he may hold in the State, whether civil, military, or naval. Pluracies i. the imperial family are only honorary.

THE MAELSTROM.—Who of us does not recollect the huge hole in the bottom of the sea we pictured to ourselves in childhood as the receptacle into which the waters were drawn in such force, and which was located on the coast of Norway, and known as the Maelstrom? But this is now proven to be all a myth. A late report on the Norwegian fishing says that it "is so little thought of by the inhabitants, that they pass it and repass it in their sailing vessels at all states of the tide, except at certain times in the winter season: and far from drawing in whales and other things that come within its range, it appears to be a favorite resort of the fish of the country, and the fishermen reap a rich piscatorial harvest from its bosom. The greatest rate of the tide in winter does not exceed six miles an hour." Well; let unfeeling science give up the Maelstrom; but poetry and rhetoric will yield their faith in it when they cease to believe in Scylla and Charybdis.

WASTE GUTTA PERCHA.—The waste scraps of gutta percha, so often thrown away as useless, may be formed into caps for bottles by dissolving them in benzole. Dissolve the gutta percha in benzole over a gentle heat till a moderately thick fluid is formed, and then add vermilion or other coloring matter to suit the fancy. The corked bottles are then dipped in the mixture, as in making caps in hot sealing-wax. This method of making capsules is reported to give those that are impervious to air and all ordinary liquids, and the process has the merit of being simple, easy and cheap.

# LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The vagaries of Fashion have never before given a wider range to the taste and ingenuity of her votaries, and they commemorate the present season as one of the brightest in the annals of dress, not only for the variety of attractive fabrics that appear from time to time, but the graceful and classical outlines which characterize many of the prevailing styles, producing an elegance quite superior to the favorite styles of the past. The result of this superior excellence of Fashion's inventive taste, is visible in the wonderful variety which allows all styles of face and form to be appropriately and becomingly attired. Some time ago, if one decided novelty were invented, it was rarely accompanied by any charming variety, by which different tastes and styles could be satisfied, but all ladies, irrespective of the difference in age and appearance, thought it necessary to adopt it as *the fashion*, but now, thanks to the increased skill and ingenuity of the inventive dame, such a variety of charming styles are produced that every one can find in the list something original and peculiarly adapted to their individual necessity.

The Princesse form continues to be the prevailing model, but it assumes so many modifications that its original character is almost unrecognizable; for instance, when the back is cut in the plain Princesse style, the front is sometimes made with a basque and waistcoat or plastron, or if the front is plain, the back may have the cuirasse or habit basque; again, the front and back may have the basque appearance, and only the side pieces are cut in one with the skirt. At variance with this, some of the new dresses have belted corsage—the front being merely a rounded waist, with the wide belt beginning under the arm, and the back forms a plain postillion basque, square at the lower edge and simply piped. This style, as well as the draped overskirt, appear as desirable models for spring and summer materials, in which simplicity of make is sought after, more especially in wash materials.

The question therefore arises, whether there will be any decided change and departure from these styles, so that something entirely new and original will banish the familiar models from the field. There is an old proverb which says: "*Qui n'ecoute qu'une cloche n'entend qu'un son*," which, translated, says, "Who listens only to one bell, hears but one sound," which applies itself to the case in question, that in listening to the advocates of one fashion, we should turn an ear to the others, and in accepting the promising indications of one fashion, we should be on the alert for others.

The art of producing new shades seems almost inexhaustible, and in the adroit exercise of one's taste, there is an endless variety of ways of utilizing them with charming results.

We shall have the various dark and light greens which have been so popular, but added to them will be a dark green, having a purple tint; another is metallic in appearance—while another has a warm bronze shade. Smoke color and dark brown retain their popularity, and India red, coral pink, and shades of blue will be worn. As I have previously stated, the same combination of colors, with a bourette and neigeuse effect, will be visible in the spring and summer materials, both in wool and cotton goods.

In many of the new cotton goods, such as percales, the bourette effect is so perfectly produced as to have the appearance of a wool material.

The same charming variety is visible in trimmings, figured materials—such as damasse, broche; embossed velvets and plush are used in bias bands to form various trimmings on costumes. Embroidery on the dress will be more popular than ever, but for those who cannot afford this expensive elegance, we are promised embroidered bands to harmonize with the different dress materials. Hamburg embroidery, in colors on white nainsook, has already appeared in great variety, and, as I previously stated, will be largely used as a trimming on wash materials. It is in various widths, and in shades of cardinal, blue, brown and black, at prices varying from six to eight cents for the narrower; up to fifty and sixty cents for the widest, which is suitable for flounces.

Lace has maintained its popularity, and will be marked by the same variety in which colors will be a decided feature. As a trimming on silks for dress occasions, when black or white lace is employed, it is arranged flat on the front breadth, to form graceful curves or scarfs, and at the sides it forms a cascade which narrows in width as it approaches the corsage.

I have already stated the continued popularity of colored jet, which will probably be extensively used on bonnets as well as dresses.

The butterfly bow in double-faced satin ribbon of two shades has again appeared among the fantasies, and is used on the hair, and scattered over the corsage and skirt.

In lingerie the departure from narrow collars to wide ones has taken more decided steps than ever, and not only in different kind of lace, but cambric and linen wide collars and cuffs appear in all the recent importations.

A new style of white or black blonde lace mantilla is called the *Mercedes*, and is very becoming to elderly and young ladies. For the former the lace is mounted on a cap foundation, the border being decorated with lace and flowers. A young lady simply throws the lace point over her head, and gathers it behind at the neck with a ribbon or a bouquet of flowers, another bouquet on one side of the head, and a similar one fastens the lace across the front of the corsage. A lace shawl can be utilized with graceful and artistic effect in this way.

The handkerchief has become a thing of beauty and fashion as well as lingerie. We have the cambric handkerchief with the edge worked in colors, and the full name embroidered on one corner, while the more costly mouchoir is one mass of lace, with the tiny centre only of fine cambric. Such expensive articles are no longer consigned to the dark oblivion of the pocket, but are held sustained from the waist by some pretty artistic chain and rings, such as hold the fan.

The Princesse petticoat has become a necessity for the present style of dress, so a description of one may be acceptable to my readers. The front breadths are very much gored, and fit plain to the form; two breadths on the side, more or less large and gored, and one plain back breadth extends half way down the back, to which is gathered two widths, on which the ruffles are placed—two or three in number. The following model will be found desirable for a walking costume of wool and silk: The Princesse dress is of otter brown bourette, and is trimmed with seal brown silk damasse. The sleeves are of the damasse, and a yoke, pointed back and front, is also formed of the damasse. The dress has five seams in the back, the three central seams being corded with the damasse; half way down the skirt the back is cut into three deep points piped with damasse. The dress is continued plain under these points, and at the bottom is cut in Van Dyke points; and falls over the underskirt of plain brown silk, which is edged with a silk pleating piped with the damasse. Across the front a scarf of the damasse is arranged in folds, and is fastened behind under the three points, and falls in large full loops. Tortoise shell buttons fasten the front of the dress. This model would be equally effective in silk and velvet, or any colored wool materials.

Gilt pins, with balls or spear-like heads, are worn in the hair and on bonnets. Old ladies find them very becoming and stylish to fasten on their caps.

### Our Fireside Chat.

The subject of fancy work seems as extensive in suggestions, and as varied as that of fashion and cookery, and from time to time some new and happy idea is chronicled, which takes the place of the old familiar designs. While we gave quite a pretty effective design for a brush and comb box in our last, among my letters I find the following, which may prove equally acceptable:

*Brush and Comb Box.—Home Helper* may find the following suggestions a pleasing contrast to the one made of Swiss muslin. I have just finished one made of a long cigar box, but covered with white Java canvass, on which I worked a pretty design. On the top I worked my monogram. A very pretty design would be a bunch of flowers, one in each corner, and on the center of the sides. The canvass, after being worked, is easily stretched on the box very smooth, and a row of fancy stitches at the corners would conceal the seam where it was joined.—*Old Subscriber*.

Letter No. 1 says: I have been so much pleased with the receipts given in the *Fireside Chat*, that I should like to contribute one to *Western Girl*. I have tried it, and know it to be delicious:

*White Mountain Cake.*—Six eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one large cup of milk, one heaping dessert spoonful of baking powder, one lemon, one cocoanut. Beat the whites of the eggs until very light, having previously mixed the sugar and butter, and then add the whites of the eggs to it. Stir in the flour and milk and grated rind of the lemon, then the baking powder. Then bake on four large plates.

Mixture to place between the cakes—Grate about three-quarters of the cocoanut, beat the whites of six eggs until very light, then add one-half pound of sugar, and the three-quarters of the cocoanut beaten to a light froth, and then the juice of the lemon. Spread this mixture between each cake, and then all over the outside portions; then grate the remainder of the cocoanut on the outside till it resembles snow.

*Western Girl* will find this an excellent recipe.—*Minnehaha.*

*Cabinet Pudding.*—Has *Country Gawk* ever tried this recipe. I will be very glad to help her in her difficulties through the pleasant medium of our *Fireside Chat*:

Beat one-quarter of a pound of butter and one and a half pounds sugar to a cream; then the beaten yolks of five eggs, one-half cupful good milk; then one-half pound of sifted flour sprinkled in alternately with the whites of five eggs. At the last, one-half pound of raisins (seeded), one-quarter pound of currants well washed and dried, (dredge the fruit well with flour before mixing in), then one-half of a lemon, juice and rind grated; put all into a buttered mold, and boil two hours and a half, or longer. Serve hot with cabinet sauce.—*City Gawk.*

Here are some more good recipes, which Country and City Gawk may find acceptable:

*Mock Mince.*—On half cup of molasses; fill up the cup with water; one cup brown sugar, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one cup of raisins, one cup bread crumbs, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful cloves, half a nutmeg, piece of butter size of an egg. This will make three pies, and is very nice.

*Snowflake Cake.*—Three goblets powdered icing sugar, two goblets flour, three teaspoonfuls cream tartar, whites of twenty eggs to be well beaten. This is large, and suitable for a bride's cake. If a smaller one is wished, use half.—*Mrs. O. C. O.*

Mrs. B. writes that she is very much pleased with the Fireside Chat and hopes that it will be kept up, and is happy to contribute her share of cookery knowledge, and sends the following:

*Apple with Rice.*—Peel six apples, core them, cut them in half, and place them in a flat stewpan with half a pint of water, 4 oz. of lump sugar, a few cloves, and a little cinnamon. Let them boil gently until they become quite soft, then remove them and let the syrup boil away till reduced to a couple of tablespoonfuls, when you strain it over the apples. Put into a stewpan half a pound of rice and a quart of water, leave it on the fire till it boils. Drain off the water and add one pint of milk, four ounces of white sugar and the thin rind of a lemon. When the rice is thoroughly cooked, remove the lemon rind and work into it the yolks of three eggs; then put it in a heap on the dish in which it is to be served, place the apples on the top, and cover the whole thoroughly with the whites of the eggs beaten up into a stiff froth with one tablespoonful of lump sugar. Sprinkle powdered sugar over and bake half an hour in a cool oven.

Mrs. L. A. R. sends the following recipe in return for the many good ones she has had from the *Fireside Chat*:

*Omelet Souffle (baked).*—Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately and well; add to the yolks by degrees six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat until it ceases to froth and is thick and smooth, the whites must be stiff enough to stand alone; stir together lightly the whites and the yolks, add the juice of one lemon and half of the grated peel: pour into a well buttered dish, bake for five or six minutes in a quick oven; the dish should be warmed when buttered so as not to chill the eggs. Serve at once from the baking dish, before it has time to fall.

Young Housekeeper would like directions for making real light puff paste.

*E. M. B.*, of Beaver Meadow, wants to know if some housekeeper will please send her a recipe for making Moravian cake and the Christmas cakes and ginger snaps which are made in Bethlehem, Pa.

Philadelphia is so famous for its clean white marble stoops, will some one send me the recipe used, and oblige—*H. A. R.*

*Good Eating* would like some good recipes for macaroni and cheese cakes.

Can any reader of the Fireside Chat tell me how to fry potatoes called balloons or potato souffles?—*Inexperience.*

*Sweet Tooth* would like a recipe for apple charlotte.

I want to cover the seats of some worn chairs, and would like suggestions.—*Industry.*

*Mouchoir Case.*—I have had so many valuable hints from the Fireside Chat that I am delighted to become a contributor, and would like to help Minnie with her handkerchief case. If for a gentleman, it should be 11 in. by 18 in., doubling the centre. For a lady, 14 in. square.

Chenille arranged in a crosstar pattern, with a star of colored silk in each diamond or square, and a cross-stitch of colored silk, fastening the chenille to the satin where the pieces cross has a beautiful effect. It must be very delicately handled; the chenille work should be finished before the case is made up, as the ends are to be turned in before the lining and the satin cover are sewed together around the edges; the squares between the rows of chenille should be about the size of a postage stamp, and the star, worked in long satin stitch, exactly in the centre. A lace ruffle is a pretty finish for the edge.—*Carrie.*

Queries on any subject connected with this department will be answered, but good recipes and suggestions are solicited for the benefit of all Fireside Chat readers.—*Ed.*

### THE FIRST TRAMPS.

Tramps are traced back by an English newspaper to the wars of the Roses, after which England was full of wandering men who had no occupation and could give no account of themselves. They were disbanded retainers of the great nobles whom Henry VII. forbade to keep their monstrous retinues. They were broken men who no longer dared to wear the "livery" of some great man and the badges which had once won for them impunity and consideration. The feudal strife was over, their arms and swords were no longer needed to fight for one or the other Rose, and beyond fighting they had no profession. Others there were who had been turned out of their farms, when some rich landlord made "enclosures," and threw arable land into pastures. The feeble Dogberries and Verges of the time could not deal with these luckless and useless rogues. The government, confounding severity with strength, passed the cruel repressive laws against which Sir Thomas Moore protested in the introduction to the "Utopia." It was not till the Spanish wars and the new discovered land in the West made room for all poor men and adventurers that the sturdy beggars of England came to be worthy pioneers who did yeoman's services to their country.

## ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

SEEKER, (Ortonville, Mich.)—We will send the address of the firm you require by letter or postal card.

SUNBEAM, (Champaign, Ohio.)—The mania which existed some years ago for collecting and preserving used postage stamps has so far died out that we suspect there are few people now who esteem them as valuable.

CHOULER, (Jefferson, Miss.)—The first edition of Fulke's Rhemish Testament was issued in 1589, and the second in 1601. We do not know of an edition of 1594. The value of your copy depends upon the date you quote.

ELLEN, (St. Clair, Mich.)—The tale is doubtless an imaginary one. It runs that an ancestor of the composer was a Scotchman named Izett. His son Donald went to Italy, where he married an Italian woman, and the name Donald Izett became Italianized into Donizetti.

MONGOLIA, (Cleburne, Ala.)—The largest and oldest chain-bridge in the world is that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to the top of another. Being in China, it is, of course, to be presumed the Chinese built it.

ANASTASIA, (Haddington, Phila.)—When the cheeks are naturally red, with the real hues of health, it would be a sin to do anything to reduce their color. If the redness be scorbutic, or otherwise connected with a derangement of health, a medical practitioner should be consulted.

VEXILLUM, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You are right in claiming that when in a word beginning with an aspirated h, the accent falls on the second syllable, it is proper to use "an." Thus we should say "a harmony," "an harmonium," "a host," "a habit," "an habitual." It is clearly a case of euphony.

QUESTIONER, (Kamouraska, Can.)—As Portland, Maine, is a port of entry, it is more than probable it contains places for the shipment of sailors. Direct a letter to the collector of the port. 2. You would have to go by rail from New York to San Francisco, and thence by water to Victoria. The cost would probably be between eighty and one hundred dollars.

J. L. B. (Queen Anne, Md.)—The abbreviation "Ob. æt. 23, S. P., 1796," means, "He died, aged 23, without issue (sine prole), 1796." "S.P.S." generally means "Societatis Philosophicæ Socius"—Fellow of the Philosophical Society. "Cœl. pet.," is another Latin abbreviation and means, probably, "He sought the eternal heavens," that is, he died.

HENRY, (Trumbull, Ohio.)—History says that some sailors first discovered glass by cooking their dinners on the sandy shore. Their ship was laden with a cargo of natron or soda, and they placed their kettles on lumps of this. The heat fused the soda and sand and gave them their first idea of glass. Some of the most important discoveries in the world have been made by the merest accident.

J. G., (Dakota, Minn.)—Gheel is a town in Belgium about twenty-five miles southwest of Antwerp; it has about eight thousand inhabitants; its chief production is lace, made by the insane as well as sane inhabitants. Whoever told you all the inhabitants were non compos mentis was imposing on your credulity, but it is said to be true that about two-thirds of the inhabitants are of weak or deranged mind.

ECLECTIC, (Broome, N. Y.)—The "Braganza," one of the Portuguese crown jewels, which is preserved in its rough state in the Royal Treasury at Lisbon, is by far the largest stone professing to be a diamond in existence. It was found in 1741 in Brazil, and is as large as a hen's egg, but as the Portuguese will not suffer it to be examined, it is believed by many to be nothing more than a topaz. The amethyst is among the least valuable of the precious stones.

MACHINIST, (Hamilton, Tenn.)—Vegetable ivory, from which the buttons you refer to are very likely made, is an exceedingly hard, fine-grained nut, grown on the Isthmus of Panama. It is about the size of the average hen's egg, and after the burr and shell are split off it is white and solid. It is split by a circular saw into several pieces, from each of which different sized buttons are turned by machines which pare both sides at once. The ivory nuts cost $30 per ton.

A. D., (Baltimore, Md.)—There was a time in England when noblemen even were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves, the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; and when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns; than they now die, in fact, on the coast of Guinea. You have no reason, therefore, to be dissatisfied with your condition.

CHERRY, (Anderson, Kan.)—Recent years did not see the first use made of petroleum. It was utilized as early as 1801. Nat Carey, a peddler, was the first person to do so. He gathered it by floating flannel cloths on Oil Creek, Pa., and when they became saturated with the oil floating on the surface, he saved it by wringing out the cloths. The oil thus collected he sold as liniment, under the name of Seneca oil, and it became famous.

LILLEY V. (Louisville, Ky.)—In general usage the words "liquid" and "fluid" are synonymous and should be so regarded by your teacher as well as others. But if the greatest possible degree of accuracy in definition is insisted upon, "fluid" may be defined as that which flows, and "liquid" that which is melted. These acceptations of the words are based rather upon their etymologies than any real difference in their signification. Water, blood, and juices are fluids, and ice when thawed and lead when melted are liquids.

E. W. M. (Beaver Meadow, Pa.)—Owing to the large amount of pure silver obtainable in this country, we do not believe that it is any longer extracted from lead. Owing to its having to go through the smelting process, which is somewhat expensive, it would now scarcely pay for the trouble. 2. Loadstone is merely a species of iron-ore found in almost all parts of the earth where iron exists. It has been known from a very early period. There is an island in the Pacific Ocean called the Magnetical Island, from the large quantities of this ore which it contains. 3. Your other question has been referred to the proper department for an answer.

COLBERT L. (Washington, Pa.)—Although even the poorest furnished of travelling menageries possess a collection of kangaroos, and that thousands are killed annually for their skins, there is little danger of their dying out for years to come. In fact Australian advices would seem to show they are on the increase. This may be accounted for by the destruction, by poison, of the native dogs, which formerly killed many of the kangaroos, and also by the blacks being at present so few in number that they do not procure them for food as formerly was the case, when they were more numerous. The settlers do not prize the flesh of the animal, except the tail, which is made into soups, and considered as good as ox-tail soup, although rather more glutinous. The kangaroo is hunted by dogs, which are a cross between the stag-hound and the greyhound, for it requires a very fast dog to overtake them in the chase.

CLARKE, (Dane, Wis.)—We thought the story of Saint Patrick's expulsion of venomous reptiles from Ireland was known to every one. Some writers have supposed that the tradition should be interpreted in a metaphorical sense, and that the worship of demons or serpents was abolished by the saint. In any case, the fact that the island was free from these creatures is mentioned by several early historians, and a native bishop says, in a Latin poem of the ninth century, that in Ireland "no serpent creeps through the grass, and no frog chatters in the lakes." This latter phenomenon remained true till the early part of the eighteenth century, when a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, imported some frog spawn from England, and placed it in the ditches. Since then, frogs have spread over the country. Several attempts have also been made to introduce vipers and other snakes, but apparently they have not survived long. A species of lizard, however, is said to be found in Ireland. The island of Malta claims a similar immunity from reptiles.

JOHN, (Wapello, Iowa.)—We do not know if any trees now exist, which have certainly done so since the dawn of Christianity. Known oaks and yews, the most venerable of trees are, in several instances, so old that it is difficult to form an estimate of the time which has passed since they were planted. Several oaks felled in Sherwood Forest, Eng., about a quarter of a century ago, exposed on being sawed up, the date 1212, and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that those trees must have been several centuries old at the time the marks were made. It is well-known that the oak which is said to have proved fatal to William Rufus was standing not long since in the New Forest, in Hampshire. A venerable oak stood not long since at Torwood Wood, in Stirlingshire, under which, tradition says, William Wallace convened his followers. There are vestiges of the ancient Druids in the neighborhood of this tree, which was twenty-two feet in circumference. There is another Scotch oak called the Wallace Oak, at Ellerslie, near the place where Wallace was born. There are other oaks in Great Britain which are probably more than 1,000 years old.

DISPUTE, (Downingtown, Pa.)—Your friend is right. The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, raises the cross to 132 metres (the metre measures 3 feet 3 1-3 inches) above the ground. Strasbourg, the highest cathedral in all France, reaches, with its celebrated clock tower, 142 metres; Amiens, 134; Chartres, 122; Notre Dame, at Paris, has only 66. The Roman Pantheon, considered one of the loftiest edifices, does not exceed 94 metres, the cross included. The highest pyramid, that of Cheops, measures 146 metres, according to some travelers, 142 according to others—and this latter calculation is the one generally adopted—a height which no human construction has hitherto exceeded. The pyramid of Chephrenes has 132 metres, that of Mycerinus, 54. Among more modern edifices, the dome of St. Paul's, London, has 110 metres; that of Milan, 109; the Hotel de Ville, of Brussels, 108; the square tower of Asinelli, (Italy), 107; the dome of the Invalides, Paris, 105. St. Sophia, at Constantinople, only rises to 58 metres; the Leaning Tower of Pisa to 57, the Arc de Triomphe, (Paris) to 44; the Pantheon of Agrippa to 43; the Observatory of Paris to 27. The recently-completed spire of Rouen Cathedral, with its 150 metres, is the most elevated monument in the world.

JEMIMA D., (Peoria, Ill.)—From sanitary causes, many are entirely in favor of the burial of bodies in wicker-work coffins, as they think that as the body must, after death, ultimately become dust, it is necessary to the well-being of crowded communities that the operation of nature should be accomplished as speedily as possible. Bodies encased in close coffins decay but slowly, and generate gases that rise through the earth and are detrimental to human health, and it is a well-known fact that the water of many wells that exist in the neighborhood of churchyards, is too polluted for use. It is true that the use of coffins is of great antiquity; the Romans had coffins of stone, and in some cases built in their dead friends with bricks and tiles. Stone coffins were also used by the Anglo-Saxons as early as the seventh century, and were occasionally used up to the time of Henry VIII. But even amidst this a large number of persons were buried with winding sheets only enveloping their bodies, and this custom was carried on abroad until early in the last century. For men slain on the field of battle, such things as coffins are unknown, and in the great Franco-German war, many thousands were buried in no other than the tattered uniforms they wore, and it is no more than probable that in less than two years after, all that was dissolvable in their bodies had become the earth from which it was created, and the large space on which they were buried was far more healthy than any town churchyard.